

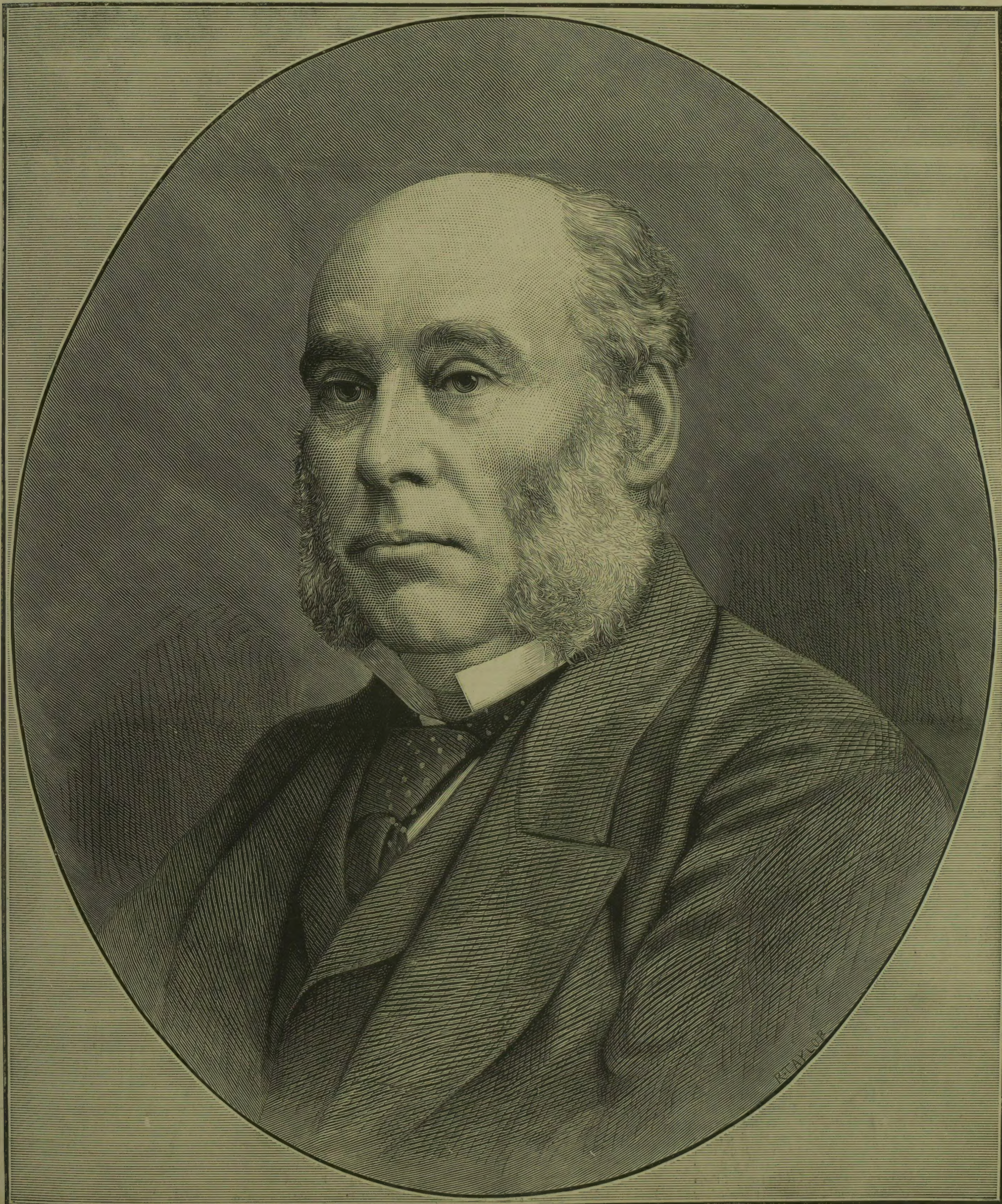
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH COLOURED PICTURE, } SIXPENCE.
ENTITLED "CRUMBS OF COMFORT." } BY POST, 6^d.



BORN JUNE 24, 1825.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

DIED OCT. 6, 1891.

Reprinted from "The Illustrated London News" of Jan. 22, 1887.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

By a natural association of ideas, we are apt to connect with "gas" any project for aerial locomotion. The professors of it, though too often inflated with their own conceit, do not loom largely in the eye of the public, which is rather sick of aeronautics. Scarcely anything has come of balloons since the time of Benjamin Franklin, who compared them to babies that would presently become full-grown men. But when a man like Maxim, the gun-inventor, tells us that he has solved this problem, one is bound to listen to him. He, indeed, discards the balloon theory altogether, and puts "high-pressure compressed steam-engines" in its stead; but that does not make his prophecies less amazing. Within ten years' time he confidently looks forward to seeing—

The nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

In the end, however, he thinks the invention will put a stop to all wars, because the result of the use of such weapons would be universal destruction. It is satisfactory to reflect that we are a rich nation, skilled in machinery, and shall be able to hold our own under these new conditions. At present Mr. Maxim only undertakes to produce an aerial war-ship to convey fifty-three men, but even *that*, dropping dynamite upon a hostile district, would be a disagreeable visitor. In warfare of this kind the harshly criticised device of "repairing to the cellar and arming oneself with a corkscrew" would not be out of place.

The ingenuity of the Janus-like Parisian editor who has got into trouble for editing two financial papers of opposite views, and blackmailing folk with both, deserves a better fate. The way in which he made these journals handle one another reminds one of the contest at Eatonswill, and finally culminated in a challenge from one editor to the other, or "from the same to the same," as the headings of the letters in biographies are made to run. Fortunately, this was "arranged by the seconds"; so that his double honour was satisfied, without the gentleman having to shoot *himself*. If we are to believe certain "scathing" denunciations of the critics of late, this may be the way our reviews are written. The bludgeon-man in one journal may be the log-roller in another; and a very good plan, too, for there are few tasks more difficult than to "notice" the same book in the same strain.

Letters, according to the erudite Dr. Parsons, were not only known to Noah—whose weary hours in the Ark seem to have been greatly mitigated by the presence of a library—but to Adam. When people first began putting letters after their names has not, however, been recorded. It is not even known whether they did it for pleasure or for profit. It certainly pleases a good many people to have handles *before* their names; Sir John Jones is obviously ever so much better than John Jones; but John Jones, B.A., does not strike one as attractive. Like a kettle tied to a dog's tail, the thing is good enough, but in the wrong place. One can scarcely conceive any satisfaction arising from the being thus decorated—behind. There may indeed be some profit in the letters B.A. to schoolmasters and others, who find the possession of a degree at the University has its weight with persons who have not been there; but, curiously enough, the letters M.A., which are obtained by purchase, and mean nothing in the way of scholarship, are much more frequently quoted. No Parliamentary candidate, I note, is now properly equipped without them, and those whose sweet voices he appeals to are, no doubt, under the impression that this academical prize has been obtained only by vast intellectual effort. I think it was Beales, M.A. (who pulled down the park palings), that instituted this political connection. Where letters attached to a gentleman's name confer a particular distinction, they should by rights, on the occasion of introduction, precede it, as in the case of all other titles. This would be only fair to their possessors, and also give a premonitory hint of the sort of person to be expected. "Allow me to introduce to you F.R.S. John Jones" would prepare one for a man of science, while "M.F.H. John Jones" would at once relieve one of any such apprehension.

The institution of an Umbrella Loan Company in the United States is noteworthy, because, if successful, it may be the precursor of a state of things in which everything is loaned and nothing bought. There will then be no such thing as possessing, and the reproach of its being robbery will no longer attach to property of any kind. All will be on the hire system, except a few unfashionable diseases. The primary object of the Umbrella Company is, as might be expected, the moral improvement of humanity: it is designed to do away with the umbrella thief. It is generally admitted that this article is too tempting to be dealt with honestly even by persons of acknowledged rectitude. In the city and the home their conduct may be blameless, but at the club and similar resorts they cannot keep their hands off their friends' umbrellas. The company insures us against the loss of them by the payment of three dollars a year for the use of one whenever we want it. There are 800 dépôts in New York alone, in any one of which, in exchange for a metal check, you will be supplied, if caught in a storm, with a silk umbrella. When the storm is over, you return it to the nearest dépôt and receive another check. The effect of this system will be watched with curiosity. It is the belief of many people that if they do not take their umbrellas out with them in the morning it is sure to be wet. Under these novel circumstances nobody will have an umbrella to take: shall we then have less fine weather than ever? Again, there is a theory that we have all our little weaknesses, and if deprived of them go wrong in other directions: will the opportunity of stealing umbrellas being taken away from us develop more serious habits of larceny? And, again, if his weapon be only a hired one, will not the Umbrella Fiend be more reckless in its use than ever?

Next best to finding a remedy for a disease, it is held by many physicians, is to find a name for it; and this has of late been accomplished, not by a member of the faculty, but by the patient himself. No one that I know of has ever before suffered from apoepilepsy, which is the case, as he himself tells us, with the gentleman in question. Except that it must be derived from the Greek, he has no idea how he caught it; and the effects are most peculiar. His profession is that of begging in the character of a blind man; but on someone giving him a shilling he was so imprudent as to open his eyes and to look at it, just as a policeman was passing by, who thereupon took him up as an impostor. Instead of founding his defence upon the very natural ground that the having a shilling given to one instead of a penny was enough to make even a blind man open his eyes, he has taken refuge in apoepilepsy. This, it appears, is blindness varied by lucid intervals produced by the exhibition (to use a scientific term) of a coin of unexpected value. The police-surgeon seems to have been incompetent to deal with the case, for he only expressed incredulity, and the patient was even refused permission to go home and take the daily medicine prescribed for his malady. Let us hope, in the interests of science, that the matter will be thoroughly investigated at the Sessions.

It is pleasant to see our old-fashioned friend Somnambulism once more coming to the front, though it be only in Westminster Bridge Road. A young lady in a waterproof, and little else, selected that somewhat commonplace thoroughfare the other night for an experiment in sleep-walking, which may be said to have been completely successful. She appears to have been received with rapture and followed by a large crowd to her own door. One almost feared that, what with mesmerism, hypnotism, and other "isms" of a high and complicated class, poor old Somnambulism was never to lift up her head again. Yet I remember the time when there were few biographies of eminent persons in which she did not appear; they were constantly in the habit, in boyhood, of falling down steep places without hurting themselves, or walking on narrow parapets, at great heights, in their sleep, to the admiration of all beholders. Somnambulism, in fact, in biography took very much the place of the bull (as an exciting incident) in fiction.

The scientific aspects of somnambulism could not, of course, compare with those of mesmerism and hypnotism; its dramatic effects were very inferior, its mastery of the subject (not to say the victim) seemed less complete; but some very strange tales were told of it nevertheless. The champion sleep-walker (in which term were comprised many things besides walking) was the boy Devaud of Vevay, who, it is not too much to say, did far more surprising things asleep than awake; recognised inferior wine by the smell, for example, though, being but thirteen years of age, he could have known as little of "the vintages" as most of us. What seems to have struck admiring spectators as most curious was that he always lit a candle by which to write, and if he found the paper already written upon at the top, would begin to write lower down, where it was blank—all "just as though he had been awake." For my part, I have no doubt that Master Devaud *was* awake—and very wide awake too—and that he fooled the learned world to the top of their bent, just as the hypnotists fool it now. The "report" of the investigating committee upon this young gentleman's case was "that, though obliged to open his eyes in order to recognise objects, the impression once made is vivid enough to render it unnecessary for him to repeat the process"—a more modest, though not a more simple conclusion than has been arrived at in our own day from much more ambitious "scientific evidence."

"Ghost stories wanted for a forthcoming Christmas annual" is a regrettable advertisement in last week's *Times*. Of course, even spook stories are bespoken, but it is sad to find so public a confession of it, and one fears it will be another nail in the coffin of "the supernatural." Unlike some faiths, which have shown tenacity of life, with "the souls of them fumed forth, the hearts of them torn out," ghost stories require believers, and advertisements of this kind are calculated to destroy the creed. It is true we are informed that "only good matter will be accepted," but the very point of such stories is that they shall not be matter at all. When Walter Scott was asked how he "got over" a certain ghostly experience of his grandmother related to him with her own lips, he replied that he did not want to get over it; he preferred to believe it. When pressed, however, for some explanation of the phenomenon, he hazarded the conjecture ("ableens" was the word he used) that the old lady might have been "a most tremendous liar." It strikes the well-constituted mind that it was infamous to drive him to such an admission. A person who "wants to know," as regards evidence, when a good ghost story has been told him deserves never to hear another. This advertiser appears utterly careless of the injuries he may inflict upon this species of literature. "Titled ladies are especially invited to contribute." This seems almost a contradiction in terms to his "only good matter accepted," and introduces for the first time a feature of snobism into supernatural romance. What on earth, or elsewhere, have titled ladies to do with ghosts? The two best ghost stories, perhaps, ever printed were written, it is true (in *Household Words*), by ladies (Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Mulock), but they were not ladies of title. At the same time, it must be confessed that the proprietor of the annual in question may show much of the wisdom of this world in angling for these coroneted scribes, for a good many more people believe in titles than believe in ghosts.

It is to be feared that it is too late to have poor "Sally" (late of the "Zoo") stuffed and exhibited on platforms as "a shocking example"; but the teetotal cause has suffered a blow in not having promptly availed itself of such an opportunity. For it now appears that Sally drank beer daily. At least, a

clergyman writes to say that with his own eyes he saw the keeper administering a glass to her, which she took with the air of an habitual imbibor of alcohol. (Smacked her lips, I suppose he means, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand afterwards.) Was not, he asks, her premature decease attributable to this baleful practice? Dr. Mortimer Granville will probably reply, "What then, if the cheerful liquor gave her in the meantime those charming spirits the cessation of which may be said (and, indeed, *has* been said) to have eclipsed the gaiety of nations?" (She was not personally known to me, but, to judge from the accounts in the newspapers, Garrick was "not in it" by comparison with this engaging female.) If the teetotalers could only have got her in time and stuffed her, she would have given a better filip to their cause than a glass of sherry. By her side should have been placed a much older and more decrepit chimpanzee, to which the lecturer might have pointed with his wand: "Our Sally might have lived to *this*, my friends, but for her taste for beer."

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, at Balmoral Castle, with three of her daughters, was on Saturday, Oct. 3, happily presented by one of them, Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice), with a new grandchild; an infant Prince, who is "doing well," and so is her Royal Highness his mother. This fresh scion of the House of Battenberg is the thirty-fourth (living) of her Majesty's grandchildren, twelve of whom are grandsons—so will the royal family tree have many branches growing far into the twentieth century here and there in Europe. The birth was duly honoured, at Balmoral, with a bonfire on the hill of Craig Gowan and a torchlight procession in front of the castle.

It is understood that our Queen will visit Italy next March, and will again sojourn at the Villa Palmieri, at Florence.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on leaving Balmoral, went to Aberfeldie, to visit the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; she afterwards visited Kellie Castle, in Fifeshire, and was the guest of Mrs. Wemyss at Balfour House. On Monday, Oct. 5, her Royal Highness arrived in Edinburgh, where she took part in several public ceremonial acts; opening the new premises of the School of Cookery, and attending the Scottish branch of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute of Nurses.

The Prince of Wales, who has been enjoying good sport in Mar Forest, has prolonged his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge till Friday or Saturday, Oct. 10.

The visit of Mr. Gladstone, on Thursday, Oct. 1, to Glenalmond College, in Perthshire, an interesting Scottish educational institution, described by us last week, gracefully displayed his earnest zeal for high intellectual and moral culture, and his attachment to the English public-school system, adopted by the founders of Glenalmond College half a century ago. Mr. Gladstone also took occasion to vindicate the clergy of the Church of England in the present generation from the imputation of a declining average of literary powers and learned attainments. He instanced, to the contrary, such examples as the late Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Church, Archbishop Magee, and the Rev. Aubrey Moore, besides the head masters of most public schools and eighty-four clerical contributors to Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography and Antiquities," which Dr. Döllinger told him was superior to any German work. The Glenalmond jubilee, at any rate, was a decided success. The presence of the venerable Bishop Charles Wordsworth, the first Warden, and of the Marquis of Lothian, one of the first schoolboys, with Mr. Gladstone's own reminiscences of the original foundation, added to this jubilee festival the interest of personal history, by living witnesses of the past.

Of a very different complexion was the political assembly at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the next day, Friday, Oct. 2, when Mr. Gladstone attended the Conference of the National Liberal Federation. Following the previous day's speech of Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Schnadhorst's programme of intended Liberal measures, the Leader of the Opposition Party still felt himself in a position to say that they have "an absolute surfeit of work" before them, adding that if he were gifted by the Homeric Muses with "ten mouths and ten tongues" he could scarcely deal with all the matters in hand. This is an alarming imagination, for, though Mr. Gladstone's copious oratory, multiplied tenfold, would always command as many popular audiences as he could address, the newspaper reports would not contain it, and the quantity, if they did, would far exceed the capacity of newspaper readers. He spoke, however, with his single tongue, to the length of a report of four columns, touching rather briefly on many legislative "questions"—namely, the drink traffic, Welsh and Scotch Church Disestablishment, the power of the House of Lords, the reform of electoral registration, payment of labouring-class members of Parliament by the Treasury, district and parish councils, the abolition of entails, easy transfer of land, limitation of hours of labour, and Irish Home Rule. The last subject, of course, was discussed more fully and emphatically than any of the others, some of which, indeed, were gingerly and equivocally treated. But it was intimated that early attention would be given to that of the system of registration of voters, and to the claims of lodgers who belong to the working classes. The freedom of the city of Newcastle was next day presented to Mr. Gladstone at the Townhall.

The members of the Iron and Steel Institute visited Woolwich on Oct. 6, and were conducted through the gun-factories at the Arsenal. In the evening Sir F. Abel presided at the annual dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, when General Hay, Mr. White, and others spoke of the relation of recent inventions to the military and naval services.

The annual congress of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was opened at Birmingham on Oct. 6. Mr. Hudson, of Darlington, presided, and there was a large attendance of delegates. For the post of president of the society, Mr. F. A. Channing, M.P., was nominated by seven branches; but several delegates urged that a working president from their own ranks should be chosen.

The first of the Anti-Parnellite County Conventions was held on Oct. 6 at Thurles, and the delegates were addressed by Mr. T. Sexton, M.P., who presided, and other members from Dublin. After the Convention the Irish members were vigorously hooted on their way to the railway station, and the police had great difficulty in preventing a serious collision between the rival factions.

Mr. George Wallis, F.S.A., Keeper of the Art Collections, South Kensington Museum, has resigned his appointment under the Science and Art Department. Mr. Wallis has been senior keeper of the museum for nearly twenty-eight years, but he has been intimately connected with the department since its foundation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.

With sincere regret, not only for a great loss to English public life, but for the departure of a good man personally familiar to his London neighbours of all classes, and universally esteemed for the solid worth of his character and his friendly demeanour, we record the death of our eminent fellow-citizen, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P. for the Strand, First Lord of the Treasury, and Ministerial Leader of the House of Commons. On Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6, at Walmer Castle, his occasional residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Smith, whose recent illness had seemed in a fair way of abatement, so that he was able to take carriage drives and short sea-trips in his steam-yacht Pandora, succumbed quite unexpectedly to the effects of suppressed gout, in consequence of a severe chill taken on board that vessel in an excursion the Friday before. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his age, having been born in London on June 24, 1825. Only his wife and his daughter, Mrs. Codrington, were with him when he died. We shall endeavour briefly to speak of him, on this sad occasion, not as a politician—though good men of every party have ever respected and liked him—not as a most useful member of Parliament and official administrator—but with regard to those personal qualities which have long recommended him, in all relations, to the trust, the goodwill—even the silent affection, of a multitude of his countrymen, giving an example far more valuable than the most brilliant intellectual display of talents in the most successful career of ambition.

Mr. William Henry Smith was born a London tradesman, in that great modern business, the retail distribution of newspapers and other periodicals, which has become one of the most important agencies of social welfare, and should rank, with the business of booksellers and publishers, among the most dignified of all trades by virtue of the intellectual nature of its wares. No journalist can pass the fine stone mansion of his firm in the Strand without a feeling of satisfaction at this substantial monument of the public utility of that branch of literature in which so many of us are variously employed. The late Mr. Smith, educated at the Tavistock grammar school—we believe his family came from Devonshire—was early admitted to a share in the business which his father had established, and

of Sir Stafford Northcote, in 1885, held apart from the Premiership. Avoiding here the discussion of party politics, we will only say that no Ministerial leader since Sir Robert Peel has ever conducted Parliamentary business with equal tact and sound judgment of its occasions; no member of the House of Commons has behaved in a more conciliatory manner, or treated his opponents with more candour and manly courtesy; and everybody will be sorry next Session to miss the accustomed face of this good man, this upright public servant, this straightforward, fair-dealing, sound-hearted English gentleman, from his place and part in the legislative assembly. Mr. Smith was appointed Lord Warden, an honorary office, on the death of Lord Granville. His private country residence was Greenlands, at Henley-on-Thames, where he is to be interred. He married, in 1858, Emily, daughter of the late Mr. F. D. Danvers, and leaves a son, Mr. W. F. D. Smith, who came of age last year.

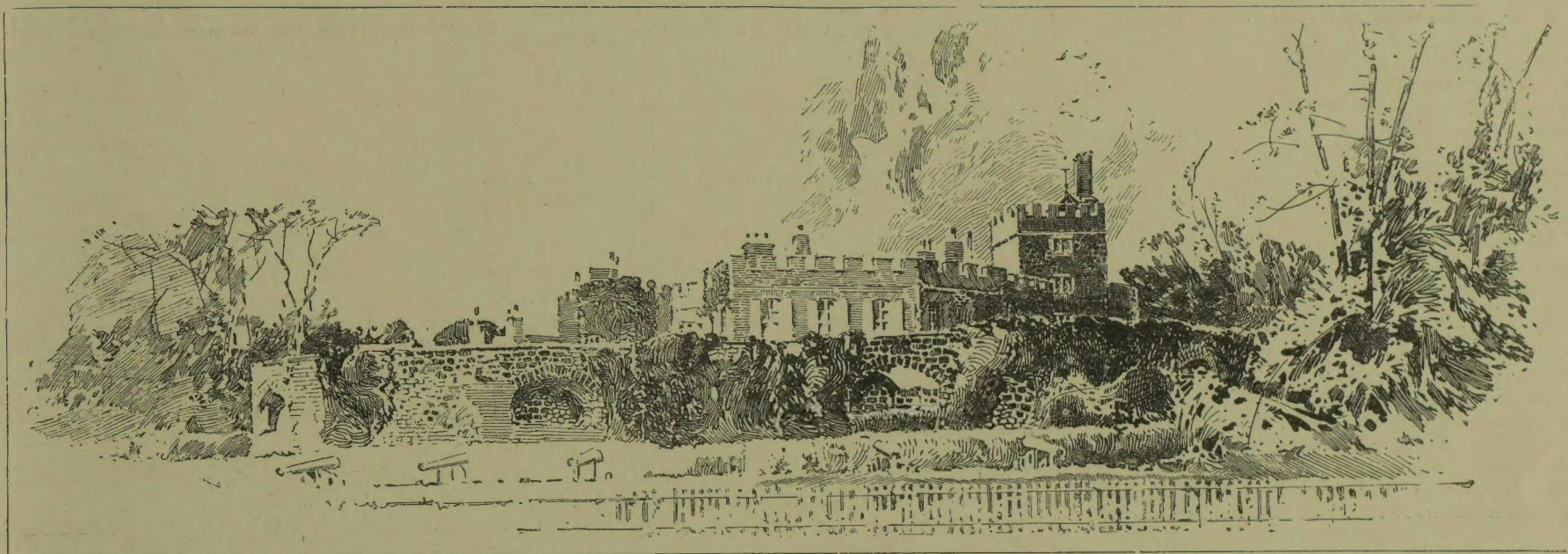
DEATH OF MR. PARNELL.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., died in the night of Tuesday, Oct. 6, at his residence in Walsingham-terrace, Brighton, having been ill in his bed since the preceding Friday. He was descended from the Irish branch of an old Cheshire family, including Sir John Parnell, Sir Henry Parnell (afterwards Lord Congleton), and Parnell the poet; his mother was an American, the daughter of Admiral Stewart. He was educated at Cambridge, where he did not leave any record, and found his first political opportunity in April 1875, when he succeeded the famous John Martin as Home Rule member for Meath. He found himself in Parliament with the late Mr. Biggar as his colleague, and the two initiated together the policy of obstruction, which grew at length into a powerful Parliamentary weapon. On one occasion Mr. Biggar spoke for four hours, chiefly from blue-books. Mr. Parnell headed the new combination, which gradually drew round it the younger and more advanced members of Isaac Butt's Home Rule party—among them Mr. J. O'Connor Power. Finally, Mr. Butt was virtually deposed from the active leadership of the Irish Nationalists by Mr. Parnell's election as President of the English Home Rule Association, and by his presidency of the newly formed agrarian association, the Land League, afterwards the National League, formed with the object of substituting a peasant proprietary for the landed system then

touch of Celtic emotion. He was a cold, dry speaker, rarely or never indulging in passion, but putting his points in a hard, subdued monotone, which, however, produced on occasions a remarkable effect on the House of Commons. He was not fond of work, but he was rootedly ambitious and intolerant of the slightest signs of independence in his following, who, with the exception of Mr. T. M. Healy, had never dared to dispute his lightest word. His favourite pursuits were agriculture and chemistry; he had a laboratory at his London and Irish residences, and was himself a practical analytical and experimental chemist of some skill. He was fond of animals, but he had few human affections. His appearance gave a singularly faithful clue to his character, and bespoke a proud, cold, autocratic temper. In his heart, Mr. Parnell was largely Conservative in opinion, and though he on occasions used violent language, his voice was usually—at least until he found it necessary to appeal to the extreme section—in favour of compromises. He cared nothing for English politics, and the only part he ever played in them in his earlier years was his support of the Radicals in their campaign against flogging in the army. He was lately married to Mrs. O'Shea, the divorced wife of Captain O'Shea, who had always exercised a remarkable influence on his political career. He had little culture, but he had the appearance of an English gentleman. He was a strong and able but essentially false man, of whom history will give a very mixed account.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT RHYL.

As the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales has been made a political question, it is probable that the managers of the Church Congress had a practical motive for choosing to hold it at Rhyl, two years after its meeting at Cardiff. Rhyl, a pleasant and salubrious watering-place on the Flintshire sea-coast, is in the diocese of St. Asaph; and the Bishop, the Right Rev. A. G. Edwards, D.D., President of this Congress, in his first charge to his clergy last year, presented elaborate statistics to prove that the Established Church there was doing much real work among the people. He was born in 1848, son of a vicar of Llangollen, has been Warden and Head Master of Llandovery School, Vicar of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, a rural dean, and chaplain and private secretary to the Bishop of St. David's; so that he must be well acquainted with Welsh Church affairs. On Tuesday, Oct. 6, the Bishop delivered his



WALMER CASTLE, WHERE MR. W. H. SMITH DIED.

it was not till approaching middle age that he began to take part, as an earnest advocate of popular education connected with religious instruction, in current public affairs. This object he pursued later as one of the London School Board. At the general election of 1865, complying with the solicitations of many of his neighbours in the Strand, he became the Conservative candidate for Westminster, but was defeated by the enthusiastic support bestowed on Mr. John Stuart Mill, the characteristic representative of Advanced Liberal opinion. In 1868, when the borough franchise had been widened, Mr. Smith came in for the same constituency at the head of the poll, and in 1874 he was re-elected by an immense majority over the Liberal candidate. Having by this time proved himself a good member of the House of Commons, he was selected by Mr. Disraeli, in forming the new Conservative Ministry of 1874, as a suitable man for the Financial Secretaryship to the Treasury, and has since risen to a high place in the political world.

The late Lord Beaconsfield, whatever may be thought of his own policy as a statesman, had unquestionably, in the highest degree, that most necessary faculty of a Premier, wise judgment in the choice of his colleagues and of promising men for the junior official posts. He, when he became Minister, did not prefer men like himself in his younger days, masters of sharp invective and showy dealers in paradox, but such temperate, discreet, and diligent politicians as Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cross, and Mr. W. H. Smith. The last-mentioned Parliamentary and Ministerial figure among the Conservative Party must be esteemed second only to the late Lord Iddesleigh—for Lord Salisbury stands on a higher level—among Mr. Disraeli's associates in the Cabinet, to which, in 1877, Mr. Smith was admitted as First Lord of the Admiralty, holding that office till the overthrow of the Tory Government in 1880. During Mr. Gladstone's tenure of power, from that date to 1885, Mr. Smith was a moderate and forbearing speaker on the Opposition side, chiefly in the criticism of financial, naval, and administrative matters; he also turned his attention to schemes of Irish land purchase. When Mr. Gladstone resigned office in 1885, Lord Salisbury engaged the assistance of Mr. Smith as Secretary of State for the War Department; and he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, on an emergency, but held that post scarcely a week, before Mr. Gladstone came in again, to try his chance with Irish Home Rule. After the rejection of the Irish Home Rule Bill, there was another general election, in which Mr. Smith was again returned, for the Strand division, by an increased majority of votes. Lord Salisbury formed his second Administration, giving to Mr. Smith his former place at the War Office; but a few months later, in consequence of Lord Randolph Churchill's sudden abandonment of the Ministry, the leadership of the House of Commons was assigned to Mr. Smith, with the office of First Lord of the Treasury, as in the case

prevailing. The next election saw the consolidation of his power. He was elected for three places, and came back with a following of over thirty members. Agrarian disturbances increased rapidly with the distress years and the growth of the Land League agitation, and in 1881 Mr. Parnell and his following were engaged in a bitter and stubborn Parliamentary and national conflict with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster over the introduction of coercion. Mr. Parnell was lodged in Kilmainham with his principal followers as a "suspect." Negotiations followed with the Gladstone Government, and Mr. Parnell was released, but the war between the Liberal Party and the Parnellite combination was resumed on the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park. A period of vigorous coercion on the one hand and fierce resistance on the other followed, while every year increased the power and improved the organisation of the Parnellites, who had swept every rival in Ireland out of the field. In 1883 Mr. Parnell received a national testimonial amounting to £38,000 for clearing off the encumbrances on his Wicklow estate; 1885 saw him master of the situation not only in Ireland but in the Imperial Parliament. He came back with eighty-five members (increased in 1886 to eighty-seven) pledged to land reform and Home Rule, and acknowledging his undisputed and autocratic sway. Then came the Home Rule Bill, accepted by Mr. Parnell almost without qualification, and his alliance with the Liberal Party, which lasted undisturbed till the O'Shea scandal. Mr. Parnell spoke rarely, his Parliamentary attendances were extremely intermittent, but he retained his power and popularity undiminished up to the day of the verdict in the divorce case. His position was, if anything, strengthened by the report of the Royal Commission on the *Times*' accusations, which ended with the admission that the famous letters, suggesting complicity with the Phoenix Park murders, were forgeries. The Parnellite power, however, collapsed as suddenly as it had arisen. Mr. Parnell's followers were at first inclined to adhere to his leadership after the scandal; but the attitude of the Liberal Party, and subsequently of the Catholic Church in Ireland, induced the majority of them to repudiate his leadership and to form a new combination under the nominal headship of Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. Parnell fought for his own hand with undiminished tenacity, but every month witnessed a slackening of his hold on the Irish people.

Mr. Parnell was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary force of character. He was an absolutely unbending personage. He knew neither weakness nor remorse. In the days of his strength he hardly had an intimate friend, save, perhaps, Mr. James O'Kelly, in the ranks of his following; he kept rigidly aloof, living a retired and somewhat mysterious life, from all his political associates. His manners were cold but good, his speech had no trace of an Irish accent, or the least

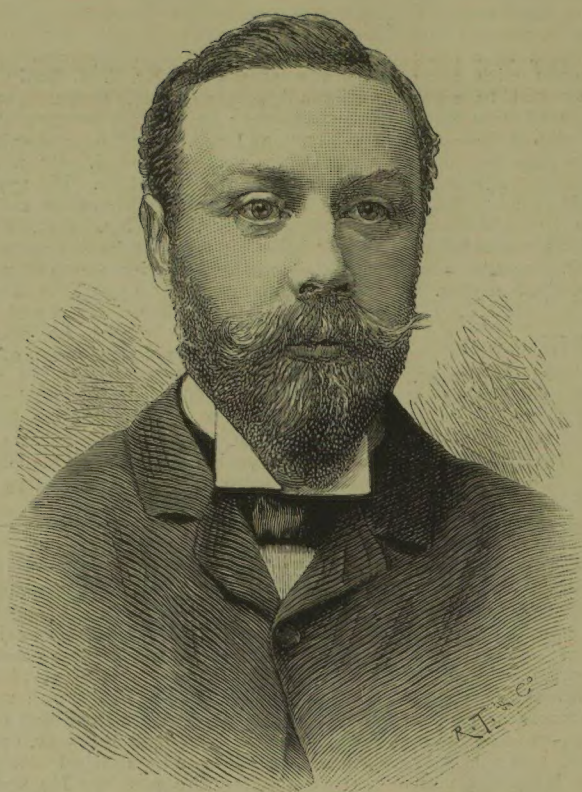
opening address in the Congress Hall; but this was preceded by special religious services at two churches of Rhyl, with sermons by the Bishop of Manchester at St. Thomas's, and by the Bishop of Ripon at St. John's Church. The Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh, and many bishops, attended the Congress. Among the contributors of papers and appointed speakers on different subjects were the Rev. Canon Bevan, of Brecon, Dr. Owen, Dean of St. Asaph, the Rev. D. Williams, of Denbigh, the Bishop of Manchester, and the Bishop of Chester, on the Church in Wales; Earl Nelson, the Bishop of Bedford, the Bishop of Wakefield, Mr. E. Clifford, and others, discussing problems of Church work and allied agencies or efforts from a more general point of view.

Rhyl is a small new town, with good sea-bathing accommodation, on the Holyhead line of railway, thirty miles beyond Chester, near the mouth of the river Clwyd, and, though its site is flat, much picturesque and romantic scenery is within a short distance. Rhuddlan Castle, scarcely three miles by road, is a fine ruin of historical renown, built in the eleventh century. It was here that King Edward I., after his conquest of the country, met the Welsh chieftains, and promised them a Prince of Wales "who could not speak a word of English," this being his infant son, recently born at Carnarvon. Dyserth, nearly four miles from Rhyl, possesses also the remains of an ancient Norman castle. The little cathedral city of St. Asaph is distant from Rhyl about six miles.

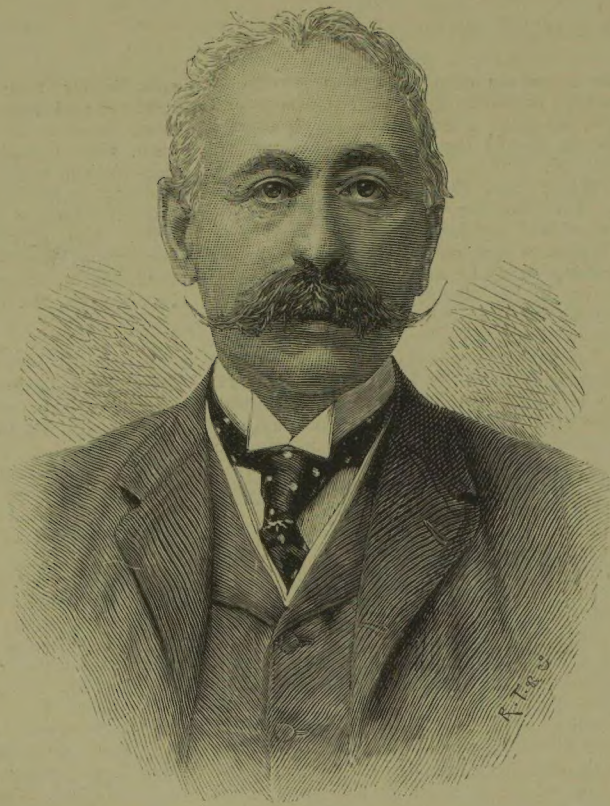
We are indebted to Messrs. Williams Brothers, photographers, of Rhyl, for the views of places in that town and neighbourhood.

THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

Very sad accounts of the misery of the peasantry, from almost total destruction of the harvest crops, and from disease among the cattle, in many parts of Russia, continue to be published. The northern provinces, and the whole country along the banks of the Volga, seem to have most terribly suffered. Barley, rye, and even potatoes cannot be obtained at prices within the means of the distressed population; and the cattle have died in great numbers. Many a small agriculturist is forced to sell his plough-horse, the indispensable aid to field labours, for money equivalent to a few shillings, that he and his family may have food during one week. There are multitudes of starving beggars, and little can be done for their relief. Vast tracts of land seem likely to remain uncultivated for want of seed-corn. The effect of mistaken Government measures regulating the corn-trade is said to have been injurious to the supply for home wants. Popular anger has also been excited by the conduct of speculators in buying up the grain and sending it to distant markets. It is feared that serious outbreaks of violence may result from this grievous calamity.



MR. JAMES W. LOWTHER, M.P.,
THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



BARON HIRSCH,
THE FOUNDER OF THE JEWISH COLONISATION FUND.

BARON HIRSCH.

Baron Hirsch, the great Jewish millionaire whose scheme for promoting the emigration of the Russian Jews seems about to be coming to a decisive issue, is said to be worth twenty millions sterling. He is a very large holder of French *Rentes*, and has also large landed estates. His wealth arose principally out of the contract for Turkish and Transylvanian railways, in the latter of which he was partially financed by the Rothschilds. The great banking firm, it is said, withdrew from the undertaking, under the impression that it could not succeed, at all events with Baron Hirsch as its chief conductor. However, the enterprising Baron secured a great rally of his compatriots at Frankfort, where he had influence, through his marriage, with the great banking firms, and obtained sufficient funds to carry on the undertaking alone. It proved an extraordinary success. The railways paid from the beginning, and realised one of the greatest fortunes in Europe for the venturesome contractor. Since then, whatever Baron Hirsch has touched has turned to gold. He is an extremely generous man, and his yearly benefactions in Paris, where his headquarters are fixed, amount to about a quarter of a million sterling. He has quite an army of almoners, and no tale of distress reaches his ears in vain. His intimates like him well,

though he has, no doubt, many envious detractors, and the difference with the great house of Rothschild has never been healed. Baron Hirsch was greatly affected by the death of his son, which occurred some months ago; and it is said that his resolve to succour his fellow-countrymen in Russia grew partly out of this event and partly out of early personal experiences of the brutalities inflicted on Russian Jews. We heartily wish success to the plans of the Jewish Colonisation Society, the details of which are not yet publicly announced.

MR. J. W. LOWTHER, M.P.

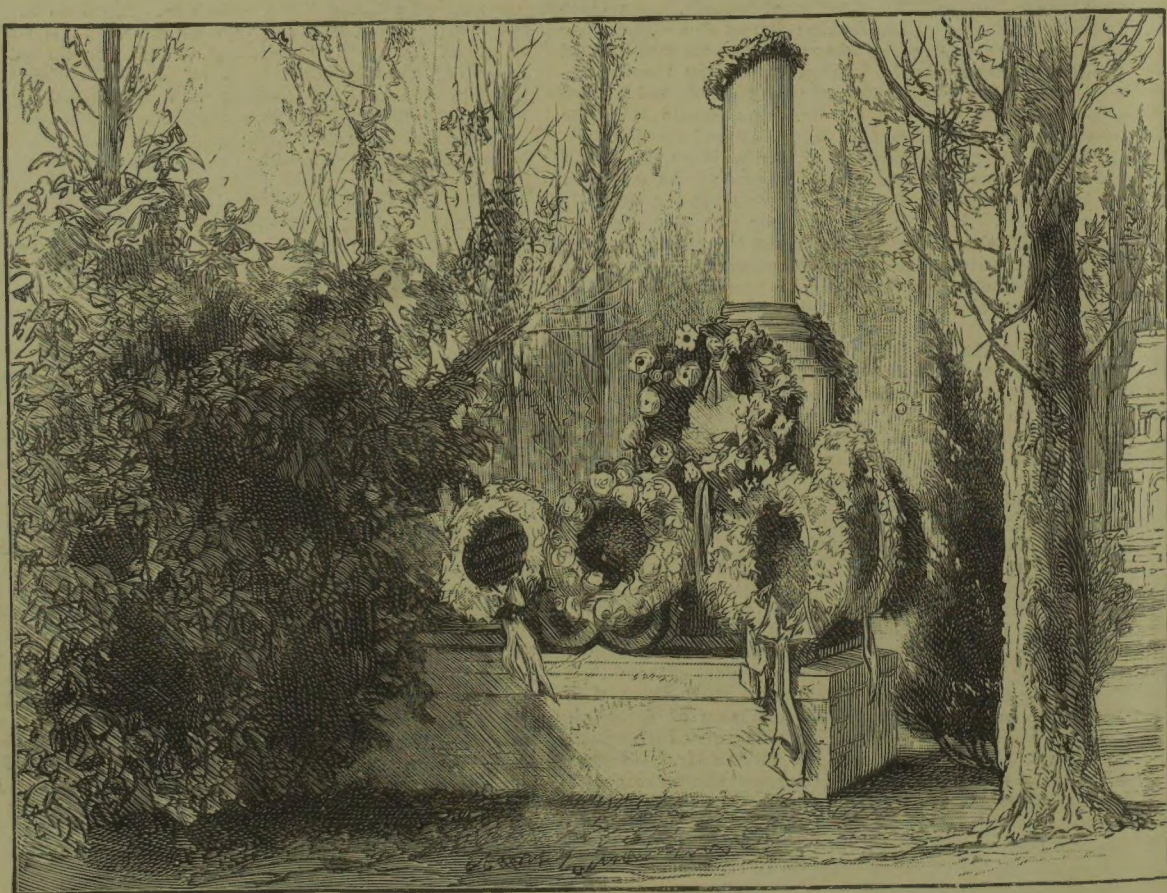
The successor of Sir James Fergusson as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is Mr. James William Lowther, M.P. for Mid-Cumberland, eldest son of the Hon. William Lowther, who is also a member of Parliament, representing Westmoreland (Appleby Division). Mr. James William Lowther married, in 1886, Mary Frances, daughter of the late Mr. and Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, and niece of Lord Salisbury. He was educated at Eton, King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1879. He entered Parliament in 1883, sitting for Rutland at first, and is a Deputy Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means. He also holds the office of a Charity Commissioner.

THE LATE GENERAL BOULANGER.

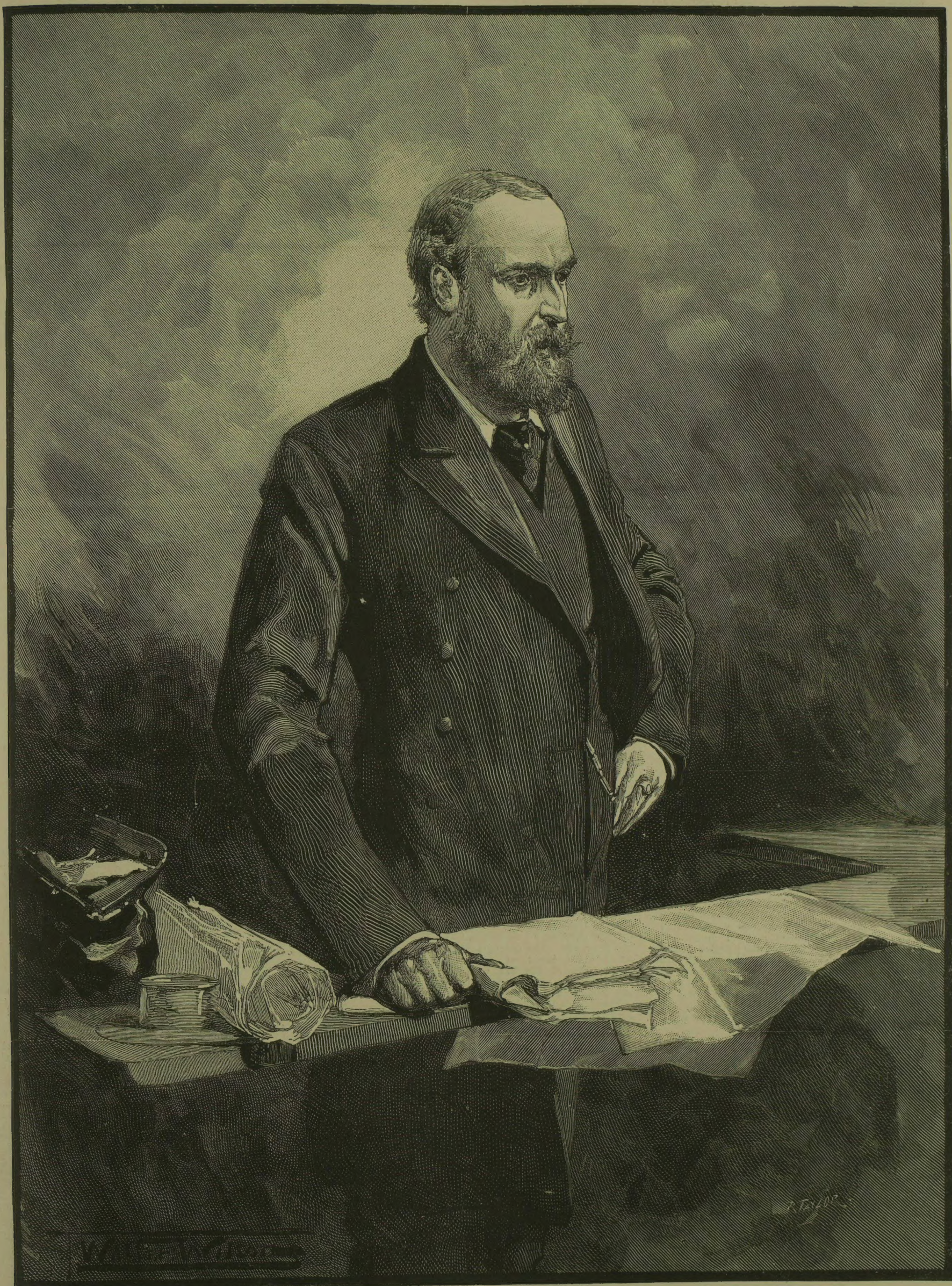
The death of General Boulanger, on Wednesday, Sept. 30, at Brussels, by shooting himself on the tomb of Madame de Bonnemain, in the Ixelles Cemetery, was recorded in our last publication. It has not been deemed in France an event of any political importance; but an eccentric sentimentalism has regarded this melodramatic fashion of suicide with some morbid interest, as the act of a romantic hero, and a sorrowing mourner for a lady not his wife. It is said that, shortly after the death of Madame de Bonnemain at Brussels, two or three months ago, Boulanger's wife wrote to him, offering to forgive him all the past and to share his exile; but the husband never answered her letter. He had been living with Madame de Bonnemain, and on her money, for two or three years past, in Jersey and at Brussels. The house in the Rue Montoyer, in that city, occupied by Boulanger till his death, was maintained in a tolerably expensive style, with two valets, a footman, a coachman, three cooks, and as many chambermaids. His funeral was performed on Saturday, Oct. 3, in the Ixelles Cemetery, where his coffin was laid in the same tomb as that of Madame de Bonnemain. The ceremony was attended by M. Déroulède and other Boulangerists, and by the nephews of the deceased.



GENERAL BOULANGER'S HOUSE AT BRUSSELS.



TOMB OF MADAME DE BONNEMAIN, WHERE GENERAL BOULANGER COMMITTED SUICIDE.



BORN 1846.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.
Reprinted from "The Illustrated London News" of May 11, 1891.

DIED OCT. 6, 1891.

PERSONAL.

The death of Lord Cheylesmore, at Warsaw, on Oct. 2, from an illness contracted in his homeward journey from Russia, is deplored by many friends.



THE LATE LORD CHEYLESMORE.

Henry William Eaton, first Baron Cheylesmore, was born in 1816, son of a London merchant. He was educated in Paris, and went into business in the silk trade in London and Coventry with much success. He represented Coventry in the House of Commons from 1865 to 1880, and again from 1881 to 1887, when he was raised to the peerage. His lordship took a keen interest in the Geographical, Horticultural, and Botanical Societies, was a patron of art, a prominent member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and Junior Grand Master of Freemasons. His amiable qualities and high attainments gave him an excellent position in society. He is succeeded in the peerage by the Hon. William Meriton Eaton, his elder son, who was born in 1843.

Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, K.C.B., who lately relinquished the command of the Mediterranean station, which he has held for the last two years, has now arrived in London to take up the duties of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, in succession to Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, K.C.B., who has been appointed President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. He is sixty-three years of age, and has had a distinguished naval career of nearly half a century, having entered the Navy in 1842. He served with distinction in the Kaffir War and in China, was senior officer in Australia from 1876 to 1879, and served in Egypt in 1882, when he received his K.C.B. He has been Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and on three previous occasions a Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Anthony is a son of the late Rev. Henry Hoskins, of North Perrott Manor, Somersetshire. He was married, in 1865, to Dorothea, daughter of Sir George Stamp Robinson, Bart., of Crauford Hall, near Kettering, a lady descended from Alderman Sir John Robinson, Kt., who was Lord Mayor of the City of London and was created a baronet in 1660.

The death of the King of Würtemberg is an event that probably more concerns a few of the illustrious families whose record is comprised in the "Almanach de Gotha" than the political situation of Germany, or even the welfare of his two millions of quiet subjects in the peaceful Swabian realm. His Majesty Charles I., eldest son of the preceding King William I., was born in 1823, married, in 1846, the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, succeeded his father on the throne in June 1864, and has never distinguished himself, as a ruler, by any great actions, though in 1866, joining Austria, with other South German reigning princes, in the war against Prussia, he shared in their defeat and had to pay a moderate pecuniary fine. The Würtemberg troops, as good soldiers as any, served under Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia in the French War of 1870, and the late King has since been a loyal adherent to the German Empire. He is now succeeded by his nephew, Prince William, son of the late King's sister and of her cousin, the late Prince Charles of Würtemberg. The new King is forty-three years of age.

The new Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, Dr. John Peile, Master of Christ's, who succeeds Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, in that office, is about eight-and-fifty, and was one of a brilliant group of undergraduates among whom were Walter Besant, Professor Seeley, and the lamented Charles Stuart Calverley. Dr. Peile is the third Vice-Chancellor who has not been in holy orders, his doctor's degree being one of letters. He is a philologist and an ardent and accomplished student of Sanscrit, and many native Indian students have, in consequence, been attracted to Christ's College. Dr. Peile won much of his popularity while a tutor of his college, and many an old Cambridge man looks back with pleasure to the hours spent at the pleasant house at Trumpington, which, until he became Master of Christ's, he and his charming and accomplished wife occupied for so many years.

We are happy to have had no confirmation of the rumour current at Bombay lately, that Captain F. E. Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, had been killed on the Pamir. Captain Younghusband wrote on Sept. 15 that he would speedily return to India. It was he who, three years ago, made his bold and adventurous journey from Pekin to the northern borders of India. This achievement was very creditable to a young officer barely twenty-four years of age, who, accompanied only by his servant, without escort, and without influence, struggled bravely along seven thousand miles of wild and semi-hostile regions, through the desert of Gobi, and over the summit of the Mustagh Pass, which had not previously been traversed.



CAPTAIN YOUNGHUSBAND.

Mr. Alexander Andrew Knox, formerly police-magistrate at the Marlborough Street Court, who died on Monday, Oct. 5, was during many years one of the able writers on the editorial staff of the *Times*, even before the date of Mr. Delane's chief editorship. He was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained the

honours of second Chancellor's medallist in 1845, third in the Classical Tripos, and Senior Optimé in the Mathematical Tripos. He married a sister of the late General Armstrong, C.B., Military Secretary at the Horse Guards. In his latter years Mr. Knox contributed much to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and wrote a clever and agreeable book on "Algeria—A New Playground." He frequently entertained, at his residence in Victoria Street, many persons of literary and social celebrity, and his death is a loss to society in London.

The second English passenger who has died from the injuries sustained in the railway accident in Spain is Mr. William Cotton, solicitor, of the firm of Messrs. Coode, Kingdon, and Cotton, of 34, Bedford Row, London. His death took place on Wednesday, Sept. 30, nearly six days after the accident. The funeral, at Burgos, in the presence of a large number of citizens, the Prefect, and a delegation from the College of Advocates, was attended with manifestations of sympathy. It is said that the families of Mr. Maurice Long and Mr. W. Cotton have claimed, in each case, the sum of £20,000 of the railway company, as compensation for their deaths.



THE LATE MR. W. COTTON.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Our portrait of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street; those of Mr. Blundell Maple, M.P., Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., and the late Lord Cheylesmore, by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street; the Bishop of St. Asaph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street; the late King of Würtemberg by Mr. H. Brandseph, of Stuttgart; Baron Hirsch by B. Wagner, of Carlsbad; and the late Mr. Cotton by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford Street.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Except as regards weather, the conditions under which the Birmingham Musical Festival began, on Tuesday, Oct. 6, were favourable in the extreme. Not for several years, indeed, has this important gathering opened amid such substantial assurance of artistic and financial success. The hall was already practically "sold out" for two or three of the concerts, and the sale of reserved tickets alone for the week was over £2000 in excess of the entire receipts for 1888. The new serial ticket system had proved a hit, and on all hands satisfaction was expressed with the policy of the new committee as contrasted with the disastrous mode of working pursued by their predecessors. The redecoration and resetting of the noble Townhall constituted distinct matter for congratulation—to all, perhaps, but the members of the Press, who found the arrangements for their accommodation not less clumsy and inconsiderate than on past occasions. Again the festival scheme evoked universal praise. With the "Messiah," "Elijah," Bach's "Passion," and Berlioz's "Faust" occupying half the available space, there was no cause for complaint on the part of sticklers for standard works; and, on the other hand, lovers of novelty found ample material for contentment in the "Requiem" of Antonin Dvorák, in Professor Stanford's oratorio "Eden," and in Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's choral setting of the "Veni Creator Spiritus." Not even did Madame Albani's absence (a misfortune due to indisposition at the last moment) suffice to damp the ardour of the Birmingham amateurs or check the demand for seats at the concerts in which the distinguished prima donna was to take part.

Everything, therefore, being *coulour de rose*, it was just a trifle unlucky that a persistent downpour of rain should have intervened to make matters disagreeable externally on the opening day. The vast audience that went to hear "Elijah" was naturally late in settling down, and it was fully a quarter of an hour after the time appointed when the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster (his Grace being the president of the festival) enabled Dr. Hans Richter to give the signal for the National Anthem. On the whole, the performance of "Elijah" was worthy of the locale and of the famous institution that first gave Mendelssohn's masterpiece to the world five-and-forty years ago. The chorus is, without exception, the best that I have heard at a Birmingham Festival. The four sections of the 374 voices are admirably balanced, and the volume and quality of the tone are singularly rich and resonant. Thanks to the diligent training of Mr. W. C. Stockley, the talented chorus-master, the rendering of the "Elijah" choruses was marked by a steadiness and finish that left nothing to be desired, while the intonation and attack were almost equally beyond reproach. The orchestra—a superb body of 126 instrumentalists, led by Messrs. Burnett and Schiever, amply fulfilled the high promise of the London rehearsals, and executed its share of the morning's familiar work in faultless fashion. Madame Albani's place was filled by Miss Macintyre; Mr. Santley undertook yet once again the arduous rôle of the Prophet; and the other solo work was sustained by Mrs. Brereton, Madame Hope Glenn, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Iver Mackay, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Brereton. Needless to add that Dr. Richter conducted with all imaginable care and skill, while Mr. C. W. Perkins presided at the organ.

In the evening the weather cleared up somewhat, and there was a fairly large attendance at the first miscellaneous concert. The programme was headed by the "Veni Creator" of Dr. Mackenzie, who conducted a magnificent performance of his work. Dryden's paraphrase of the Latin hymn is here set to music without break; and the contrapuntal treatment of the various subjects is masterly in the extreme, reaching a climax in a Handelian fugue of remarkable clearness, ingenuity, and strength. Four solo voices to the chorus alternate throughout, and the writing for these, as well as the orchestra, is worthy of Dr. Mackenzie at his best. He was warmly recalled at the close of a performance which showed the Birmingham choristers off to the highest advantage. Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Iver Mackay, and Mr. Brereton were the soloists. Another interesting novelty was Mr. Goring Thomas's elaborate duet, "Dawn," sung by Miss Macintyre and Mrs. Brereton. Dr. Joachim furnished one of the treats of the night by his incomparable execution of the Beethoven violin concerto, and Dr. Richter's fine band was heard alone in Bennett's "Naiades" overture and Brahms' third symphony.

H. K.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

As matters stand, we are all in a state of expectancy. Playgoers are of a dreadfully fickle temperament. They may never be off with the old love, but they continually hunger for the new. Excitement is at this moment found in rumour. How are they getting on with the rehearsals of "The Crusaders" at the Avenue? How does the new play by Henry Arthur Jones "shape" at rehearsals? The various performers are as silent as the grave. No "pumping," however artful, will extract one word on the subject. They are loyal to the new author-manager. They are pestered, of course, with roundabout questions—very straight—to which they return uncommonly crooked answers. How is it, for instance, that a simple three-act play can contain so many characters and require so many artists of the first talent? Will not Arthur Cecil and Harry Kemble and Sant Matthews clash somewhat? Does the play wholly consist of interesting old men? To these pointed questions no answer is vouchsafed. And how about the heroines? How is it that Winifred Emery and Olga Brandon are both satisfied? Has Henry Arthur Jones performed a miracle in that his leading ladies have no differences and rehearse amicably under the same roof? Never mind, we shall see. The author is as enigmatical as the Sphinx, and like an artful author in these days of extensive paraphrasing, distributes his paragraphic favours with caution. He has permitted the title to appear, but a title does not count for much. "The Crusaders" does not at first sight sound a good title at all. It does not lead one's thoughts to the modern drawing-room or overbuilt Wimbledon, but to Richard Cœur de Lion and Blondel. "The Crusaders" sounds like grand opera, not modern comedy. One of the best titles ever selected by Mr. Jones was "The Dancing Girl." It was a suggestive title; there was plenty of spice and ginger in it. It implied something "naughty," and the modern playgoer, though professing purity, is not disinclined to patronise naughtiness. In reality, there is nothing naughty in "The Dancing Girl" at all. Quite the contrary. But the young gentleman in the club after dinner, surveying the theatre programmes in the hall, yawns and says, "By Jove! that sounds good, let's go and see 'The Dancing Girl.'" Visions of Kate Vaughan, Letty Lind, and Sylvia Grey float before his eyes, and, without knowing why, he goes to see "The Dancing Girl." When there he is interested, so he does not split upon Henry Arthur Jones when he discusses the matter with his "pals."

But then, on the other hand, successful plays grow into their titles, and we cannot conceive them to be called anything else. Years ago, when Robertson was the fashion and the Bancrofts carrying everything before them, it seemed an act of madness to call any play "Ours." It looked hideous on the hoardings. Some Frenchmen thought it was the announcement of a dancing bear. And yet, when the play came out, it was found that "Ours" was the exact and only title that could have been used. At the outset "Diplomacy" sounded just as badly. It was an unattractive title until the play was produced, and yet, when all was over and the fight won, "Diplomacy" seemed a better title than "The Mouse-Trap," one of the alternative names suggested. So let us hope that "The Crusaders" means something of which we are little aware, and when the play is successful, as all hope it will be, that we shall be able to say "What's in a name? The thing we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Mr. Pinero is a trifle more successful in laying down the scent. He is to give us a satire rather than a comedy, and, doubtless, he would like to call it "Up to Date," or some equivalent for that detested *fin de siècle* which is to be heard for nine years more without stopping. So, to avoid vulgarity, he calls his play "The Times." This is a first night very anxiously expected. Pinero's work is always good, particularly when he is in the satirical vein; so let us hope that Miss Fanny Brough will recover the "Lost Chord" of her delightful voice and start the new season with another "Sweet Lavender." Here, at Terry's, as at the Avenue, there is an air of utter mystery. The best sign of all is that the actors and actresses do not prophesy one of the greatest successes on record. When they do this, a failure is almost a certainty. It is the play that the actor dooms to death that always weathers the storm, for the actor or actress is incapable of seeing beyond their own particular noses, and that line is bounded by their own part. When an artist has a bad part, or what he considers is a bad part, he thinks the play hopeless, and, vice versa, he gauges success by his own efforts to gain it. Bancroft was one of the only actor-managers of my acquaintance who could ever prophesy correctly, but then he had a capacity for looking beyond his nose. He sank his individuality for the benefit of the community. He knew that the success of a play was made as much by mutual effort as individual superiority. I am afraid that in these more modern days we are all for ourselves. The community may go hang so long as the individual is satisfied. But it does not last very long. The star flickers out and is taken back into its appointed place in the theatrical firmament. How often have I seen ambition checked by fate, and the intending "star" taken back into the "stock!"

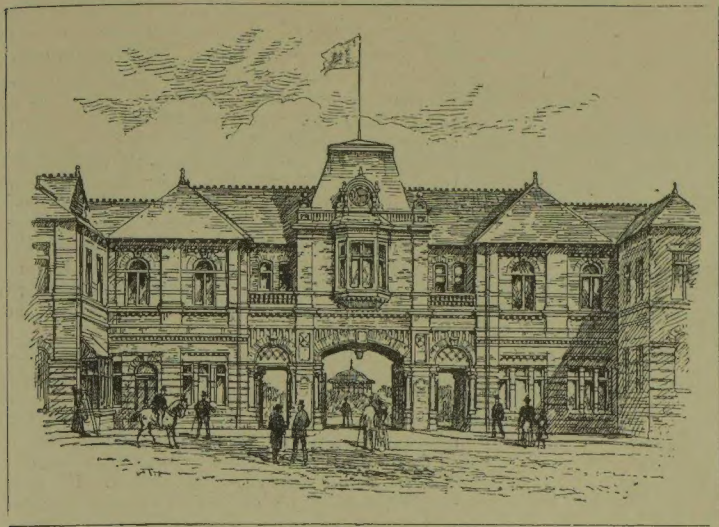
And then, of course, the playgoing world is on the tip-toe of expectation concerning the Hamlet of Beerbohm Tree. Like the child in the bath, with soap in the distance, "we shan't be happy till we get it." To the old playgoer "Hamlet" is a landmark and a chronometer. It tells him how the world wags, and reminds him that he is not so young as he was. Let me see. The first Hamlet I ever saw was Samuel Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, and, according to the fashion of youth, I could not conceive a better Hamlet in the whole range of Hamlets. But as I became older, I put off that foolishness, and discovered there were far better Hamlets than Phelps. In fact, it was the one character he could not play. I have seen Fechter, the romantic Hamlet; and Henry Irving, the scholarly Hamlet; and Barry Sullivan, the Irish Hamlet; and Fairclough, the indifferent Hamlet; and Vestvalle, the female Hamlet, not half as good as Miss Mariott, another female Hamlet who was remarkably clever; and Wilson Barrett, the innovating Hamlet; and other Hamlets too numerous to mention. None of us ever grow tired of Hamlet. No two people agree about the character, and naturally no two people agree about the acting of the character. It is a matter of temperament.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

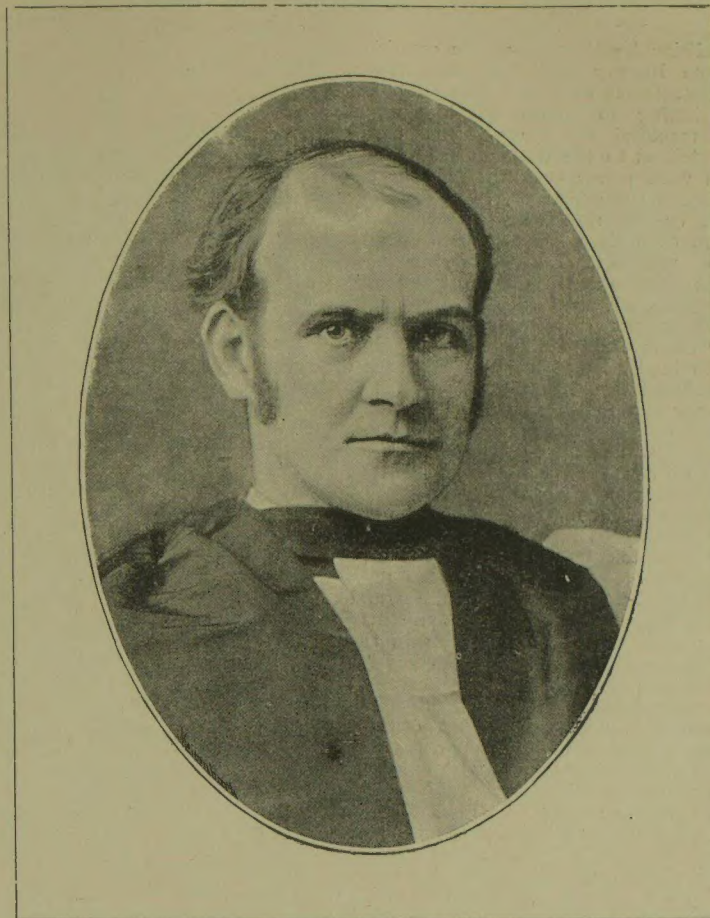
OCTOBER 10, 1891.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Two-pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Four-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-pence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



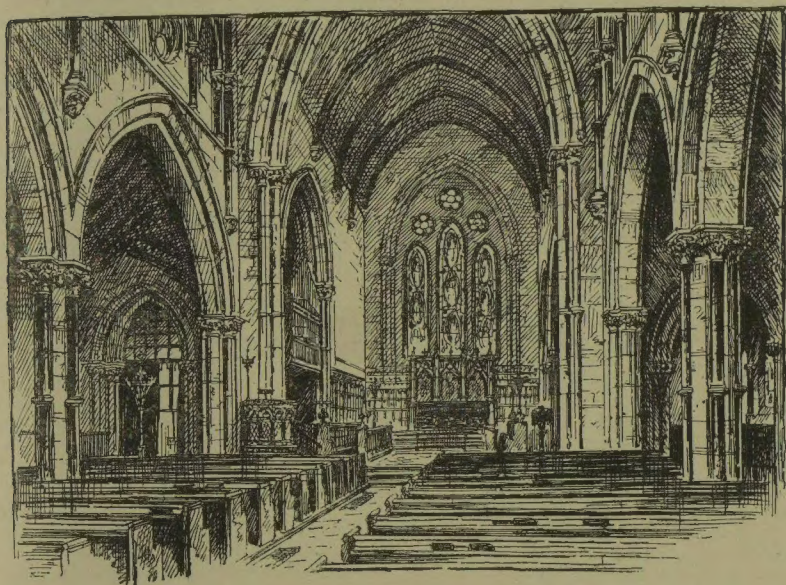
THE CHURCH CONGRESS HALL, RHYL.



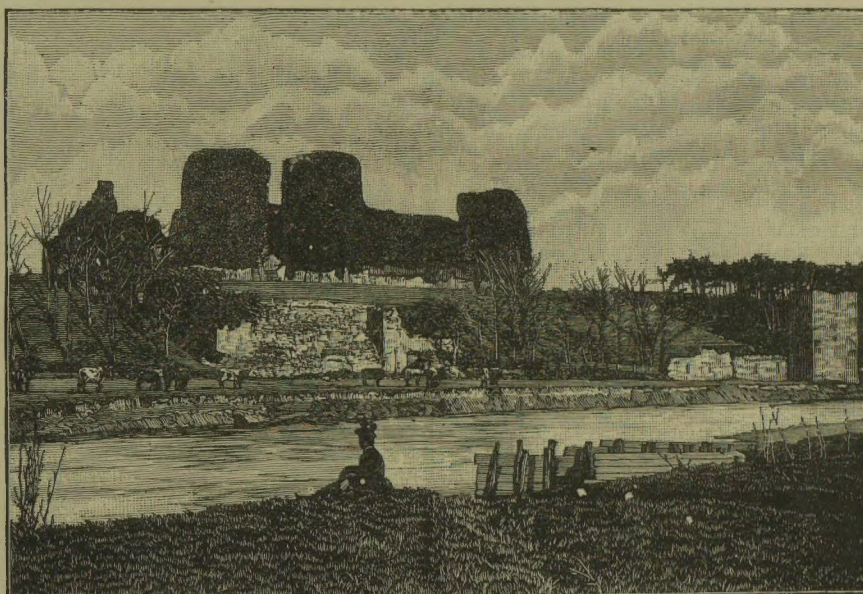
THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH, PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS.



PAVILION ON THE SANDS, RHYL.



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, RHYL.

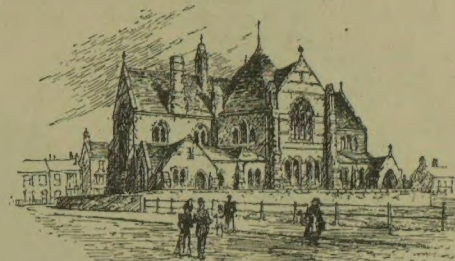


RHUDDLAN CASTLE, ON THE CLWYD, NEAR RHYL.



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

MEETING OF THE
CHURCH CONGRESS AT RHYL,
NORTH WALES.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RHYL.



DYSERTH CHURCH, NEAR RHYL.



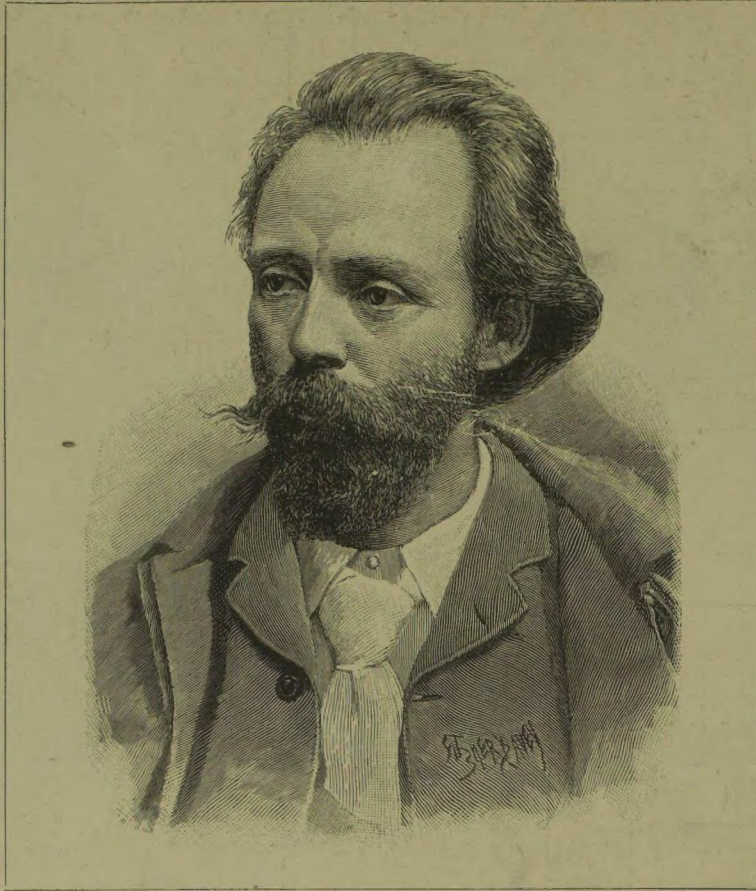
RHUDDLAN CHURCH, AND RIVER CLWYD.

MR. HALL CAINE'S MISSION TO RUSSIA.

In former traditional estimates of the occasional effects of some literary work of imagination, serving to illustrate and enforce a practical object that was beginning to arouse the hearts and consciences of mankind, the "poet"—a term conventionally restricted to the writer of verse—was often credited with power to aid, if he did not precede and inspire, the efforts of philanthropy, or of patriotism, or of reforming statesmanship. Prose fiction, in these days, being perused by a far wider circle of readers, and coming home more directly to the bosoms and business of ordinary people, has become, in the hands of writers of genius, an instrument of greater power. The authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" struck a blow at the American institution of negro slavery which probably contributed much, in the ensuing ten or twelve years, to prepare the citizens of the Northern and Western States for their resolute attitude during the Civil War and their determination that it should issue in the final abolition of that degrading and pernicious system.

A fresh example of the importance that is now ascribed to wisely directed imaginative authorship, which may be so exercised as to communicate very truthful general impressions, or just views of a large subject in the realm of existing realities, and to awaken wholesome sympathies, has recently occurred. The ill-treatment of the Jews in the barbarous Mohammedan State of Morocco has for many years past been notorious to all the world; and it will be remembered that the venerable late Sir Moses Montefiore, who visited that country expressly to inquire concerning the oppression of his co-religionists, pleaded frequently with our own and foreign Governments to use their influence in order to obtain redress. In the *Illustrated London News*, a few years ago, the internal condition of Morocco, under a degree of misgovernment scarcely equalled by that of any other Mussulman dominion, was displayed by a travelling correspondent in his full and authentic descriptions, and by the Sketches of our Special Artists, with such entire correctness that their representations have never been impugned.

The publication in our pages, during several past months, of Mr. Hall Caine's pathetic story entitled "The Scapegoat," for which he had carefully gathered materials of actual circumstance and well-accredited instances during his sojourn last year in Morocco, has been hailed by the most intelligent and influential members of the respectable Jewish community in London as a real service to the cause of justice and mercy; and they, who are perfectly acquainted with the facts concerning the actual state of the Jews both in North Africa and in Eastern Europe, feel so much reliance on this author's candour and veracity that they have invited him to undertake a special literary mission for the same cause in Russia. We also feel confident that Mr. Hall Caine, though a novelist—rather let us call him a prose poet, with powers of imaginative conception and narrative second to those of no living author—will endeavour to learn the truth with regard to the Jews in Russia, and will fairly represent the character of that great nation, which has many amiable and estimable qualities, while he will not exaggerate, though he must not palliate, the abuses



MR. HALL CAINE.

of an official and administrative system which manifestly demands to be reformed. The problem now before the Imperial Government of Russia is one of immense magnitude and extreme difficulty, from the large numbers of its Jewish subjects, their local situation, their being involved in various occupations of trade and industry, and the social jealousy, as well as the religious antipathy, with which they are regarded by the Russian people.

Mr. Hall Caine, in accepting the proposal of the Russo-Jewish Committee of London, conveyed through the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi, to visit Russia for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, with a view to fairly and faithfully illustrating the condition of the Jews in that great country, has assumed a serious responsibility; but it is a noble task, and we doubt not that it will be honestly performed. Our confidence in his sincerity and integrity will be shared by thoughtful readers of those remarkable stories "The Deemster" and "The Bondman," preceding "The Scapegoat," which were deemed admirable not only for their high literary power

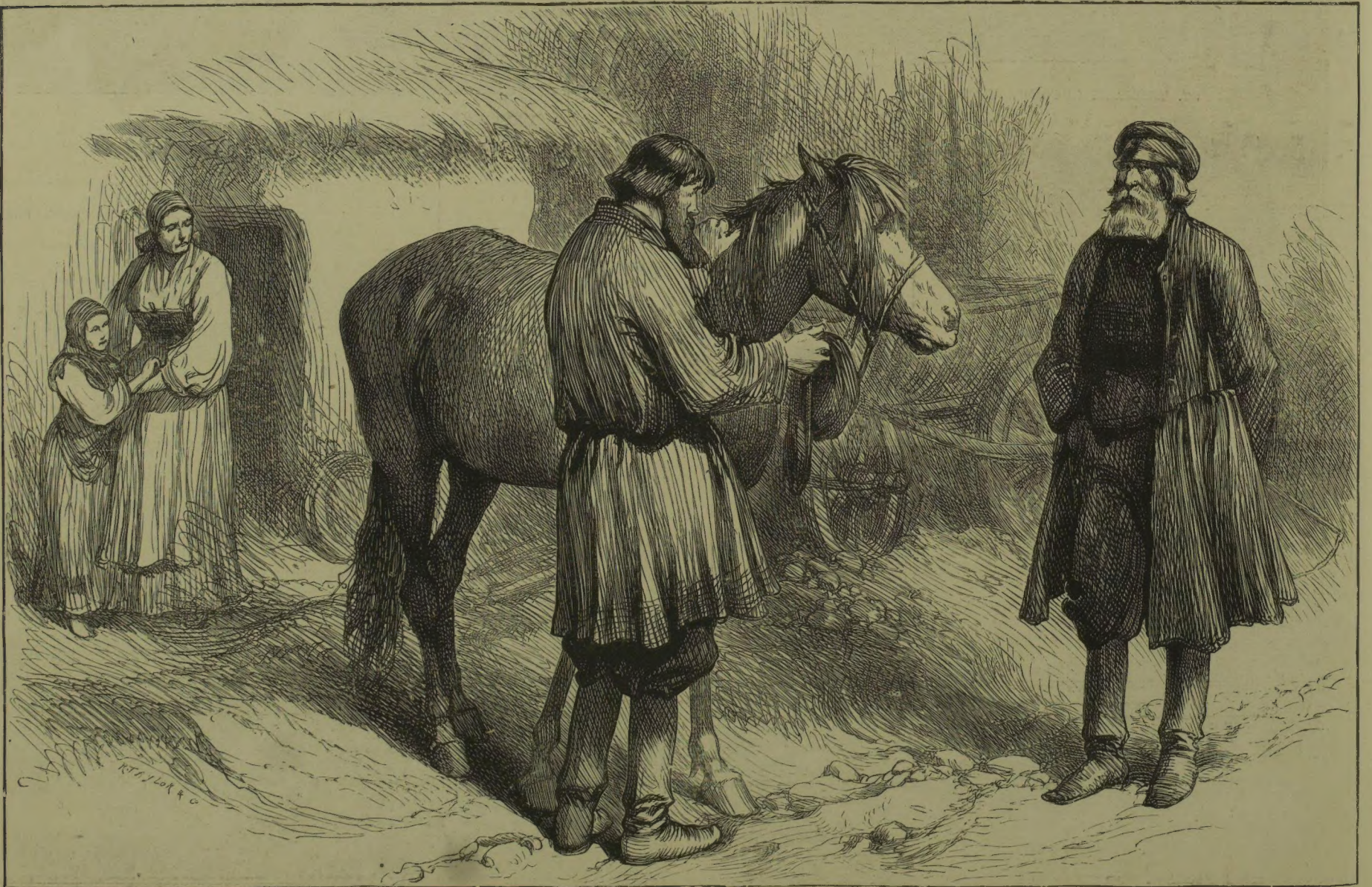
but for the sustained, intense, profoundly earnest strain of high and pure moral feeling that pervades them, yet never expressed in the tone of a preacher, but in the concrete forms of dramatic action and in the exhibition of individual characters mutually affecting each other in the stress of natural passions. Such an author is not likely to swerve from the right and true course of judgment in estimating the deplorable strife of classes, races, and religions, that seems to prevail in Russia; the humanist, the idealist, the poet may be trusted upon this ground as safely as the mere politician, and more safely than the sectarian of any church or creed.

A few details of his personal history will be acceptable to this author's multitude of readers. Mr. Hall Caine is a Manxman by parentage, and was born on May 14, 1853, of rural folk. At the age of fourteen he became pupil to a Liverpool architect. He wrote on architectural topics in the *Building News* and the *Builder*, also writing in one of the Manx newspapers, but at twenty years of age joined the staff of a Liverpool journal. Four or five years later, on the recommendation of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he came to London. His first book was an edition or collection of sonnets; then he wrote two or three biographies; in 1884, while sojourning in the Isle of Wight, he produced his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime." This at once gained him public favour; it was followed by "A Son of Hagar," and his true career was opened. As a dramatist, in his play of "Ben-my-Chree," produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett, he treated with success the peculiar features of "The Little Manx Nation." But "The Deemster," a story of the Isle of Man early in the last century, is, in our judgment, his most perfect work, from the unique character of its subject and plot, the romantic, yet home-like and simple, aspects of a singularly sequestered and exceptional condition of social life, and the Titanic force of rude passions, the workings of remorse and despair, in the wild heart of Daniel Mylrea. "The Bondman" is a work of equal power; but its varying local habitation, shifting from Iceland to the Isle of Man, rather disturbs the unity of the impression. Both these fine stories were reviewed, with due appreciation, in

our columns. "The Scapegoat" has so recently been put before our readers that we may defer awhile the critical notice which it merits; this story has certainly made its mark, and has drawn Mr. Hall Caine, as we see, into the region of contemporary affairs.

He will go to Russia, free from all engagements as to what he shall afterwards write, at present on a tour merely of observation, with no prejudice or preconceived opinion, and in no spirit of hostility to the Russian Empire. He has declined to write any special newspaper correspondence. Mr. Hall Caine, who resides at Keswick, will not start yet for a few weeks; his health is not strong, and he has been recruiting it at Lague, in the Isle of Man, passing much time at Port-y-Vullin and Port Mocar, with the sturdy Manx fishermen, his warm friends and admirers, who carry his Manx books to read on board their herring-boats far over the North Atlantic, from the Shetland Isles down to Kinsale.

The Portrait is from a recent photograph by Mr. G. P. Abraham, of Keswick.



THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA: A PEASANT SELLING HIS HORSE.



Jabez looked black as thunder. . . . "Who's he, to go on as if he were measter?" he muttered.

"COME, LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

Author of "God and the Man," "The Shadow of the Sword," &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE HAYFIELD.

There grew two roses in the light—
Hey the wind and the weather!
And one was red, and one was white,
And they shone in the sun together!—*Old Song.*

"TCHIK! That went down rarely! Thy turn next, Amandy!"

"Cannikin's empty!"

"Then take a buss instead!"

She held up her mouth to his, and a loud "smack" followed. Then, cushioned softly on the sweet-smelling hay, Jabez Doyle lay back and closed his eyes.

"Now, I'll ha' a snooze," he said.

"Wake up, ye dumbledore!" she cried, shaking him.

"I'm dreaming o' thee, Amandy!"

"Dreaming o' rubbish!"

"Oh, how I love 'ee! Say, you—when is it to be?"

"What?"

"As if ye doan't know! Me and you and passon" (nudging her with his elbow, but still lying with his eyes shut). "Eh?"

"I'm goan back to my work," said Amandy, rising.

"No you bean't!" answered Jabez, springing up and throwing the loose hay over her while she puffed and gasped for breath. "Haw! haw! haw!"

"Ye great vule! I'm choking!" she cried, administering a box on the ear strong enough to fell an ox.

It was the noontide siesta. Jabez Doyle, labourer, and Amanda Jane Thistlewaite, farm-servant, had stolen away to

the corner of the five-acre field, to eat their bread and cheese and empty their cannikins of thin ale. Both were tanned red with the sun—Jabez the lean, with his powerful bony frame and perpetual grin; Amanda the stout, built in the ample mould of the Amazon, but sleepy-eyed and good-tempered as one of her own cows. Jabez was in his shirt-sleeves, without coat or waistcoat, and with an old billycock perched on his shaggy brown hair; Amanda wore a white cotton gown with blue flowers worked upon it, and swung her great sun-bonnet in her hand. An ash-tree spread its shade above and around them, and the brook or rivulet which fringed the field ran clear and shallow at their feet.

All round, the perfumed fields and meadows swimming in the mists of summer heat. Warm stillness everywhere, as if the heart of Nature had almost ceased to beat. Far off, at the farther side of the five-acre, a half-laden wain, with men and women sheltering in its shade.

"Gie me thy hand, Amandy. I want to measure thy finger."

"Shannot"; then, after hesitating, "what for?"

"Why, for ring, surely! If you'll ha' me, and I'll ha' you, no knife can cut our love in two."

"Let be. I'll tell Sam Wood!"

"And I'll punch Sam's head!"

"You? He could lick 'ee with one hand."

But she grinned, and let her fat finger rest in her lover's horny palm. Suddenly she started, and drew it away. A white gate opened twenty yards off, and a man on horseback entered the field.

A firm-set, grave-faced man, dressed in a dark tweed suit, with leathern gaiters and a low-crowned felt hat.

"Measter Geoffrey!" whispered Amandy, while Jabez wiped his brow with the back of his hand and looked sulky.

Up came the rider, sitting loosely in the saddle, and scarcely guiding the round, well-fed, thick-set horse that bore him. His firm-set head, seen more closely, showed just a touch of grey behind the ears; his brown eyes, though thoughtful, were deep-set and keen. He was only thirty years of age, but he would have passed for thirty-five, or even more, so grave and even stern was his expression.

"Wasting time as usual, Jabez Doyle!" he said as he passed, "and still philandering with Amanda. Get back to work!—the day's half done."

Jabez looked black as thunder, and made a mocking grimace behind the rider's back.

"Who's he, to go on as if he were measter?" he muttered.

"Nice cock o' the walk, him!"

"Hold thy tongue, vule!" said Amanda, putting on her bonnet and striding out into the sun.

Right across the field rode Geoffrey Doone the overseer, and the groups in the distance rose and became active as they saw him coming. Part of the field was yet to be mowed, though the grass of the greater part was already cut and drying in the midsummer heat. Presently the whole field was busy again, the mowers at work in the long grass, the others busy tossing the hay or piling it into cocks. Geoffrey reined in his horse in the centre of the field, and looked round.

It was high ground, and he could see the fields and meadows for miles and miles, the green hedges, the dark clumps of woodland, and, beyond, the sunny slopes of the high downs. Right above the field, a mile away, was the farm-house—an old straggling house, with many outbuildings, a garden, and an apple orchard. How still and peaceful all looked! How warm and glowing! He knew every landmark, every tree and stone, in the old farm: for had he not lived there, man and boy, for twenty years? had he not witnessed twenty hay-makings and twenty harvests in that very place? His thoughts travelled back to the time when he came to the farm, a friendless boy, and was welcomed and sheltered by the old farmer, now long since dead. And now, when Miss Catherine ruled in her father's stead, he was her right-hand man and overseer. Scarcely ever had he taken holiday, or wandered away for more than a day at a time, and then only to the county town on market or other business. He had grown, like a firm-rooted oak, in that soil, and had few wishes or dreams beyond it. His heart welled up in gratitude for favours past, for kindnesses received; for had he not had "schooling," and been treated by his first benefactor almost like a son?

As he passed close to the wain, making for another gate at that side of the field, he caught sight of two figures standing in the shadow—a woman and a man, neither of the species "clodhopper," like Jabez and Amanda.

The man was young, handsome, and somewhat delicate of feature, and his dress betokened some superior station in country life. The woman was about eight-and-twenty, tall, and firmly built, brown with the sun, dark haired and dark eyed, and though her gown was only of common cotton, and she wore the great white sun-hat of the place and period, her manner bespoke a certain authority.

"Geoffrey!" she cried, and he rode up to her, and saluted her companion with a nod.

"Yes, Miss Catherine."

"Please hurry up to the farm at once. The old mare's foaling, and I've had to call in Dutton to look after her, for she's having a bad time."

Geoffrey nodded, and was turning away, when she called out to him—

"I'm coming after you directly. George has brought me bad news about the Gaffer, and I want your advice at once."

He nodded again, and rode quickly away. Neither of the two had noticed his dark flush of surprise at finding them there together, or the look of wistful discomfort with which he had looked into the bright eyes of his young mistress.

"What a good fellow he is!" said George, with an air of friendly patronage. "I wonder how you'd get on without him?"

"I shouldn't get on at all," replied Catherine, smiling. "Always busy, ever stirring, never thinking of himself, but always of us. When father died, a year after mother was taken away, and I was left with little Bridget all alone, what should I have done without Geoffrey? The farm on my hands, debts and trouble all round; Bridget a helpless little mite of ten, and me eighteen, and as brown and ill-favoured as the Lord makes 'em!"

"Nay, nay, Catherine, not ill-favoured!"

"Well, then, stupid and common, with no book-learning, and no knowledge of how to manage beasts or men. What should I have done with the farm without a strong man to help me? But, there, I must go up now, and you'll come too, won't you, George?"

"Well, I was thinking of going home."

"You mustn't do that—come to the house, and till I'm done with Geoffrey you can talk to Bridget."

The young man, his face suddenly brightening, at once acquiesced. They walked side by side through the field, and onward through the meadows leading to the farm.

Though she had spoken of bad news, Catherine looked radiant. A tyro in love might have seen how the wind blew! Every look, every movement of the woman was full of the joy of life, and that joy was radiated to her from the handsome youth at her side. In his company she was filled with the large content of happy animals. Her step was firm upon the ground, and she walked with the easy grace of perfect health and strength. From time to time she glanced round at her companion, and on each occasion her face brightened. He, quite unconscious of his influence upon her, lounged on thoughtfully, his hands in the pockets of his dark tweed coat.

Catherine Thorpe libelled herself indeed, though laughingly, when she called herself "ill-favoured." She had all the freshness and comeliness of full-blown womanhood. Brown she was as a ripe brown pear, and without any of the graces of a fine lady; but her eyes were bright, her teeth white, her features finely formed, and her shape as straight and well-poised as any form wrought in marble. By her side, indeed, the young man, though hale and strong, looked almost a weakling.

"I can't tell you," he said, "how sorry I am about this business with my father."

"Never mind," she replied, smiling.

"But I do, Catherine. I'm downright sick and ashamed when I think what a churl he is to such old friends. But, there, you know what he is. Money, money, money, is all his dream! He grudges himself even the food he eats and the clothes he wears."

"That's the way to hoard up riches, I suppose?"

"Well, at any rate, I'm sick of it all, and that's why I came over to tell you."

"To tell me! Yes?"

"That he'll have to get someone else to do his dirty work. I'm going away."

"Going away!"

The smile faded from her face, and her heart began beating wildly.

"To London. They've offered me a place in a big grain-warehouse yonder, and I thought—well, I thought you'd like to know."

She was silent for some moments, and when she spoke her voice trembled.

"It's a shame, a crying shame," she said, "that the old man should drive you away like that! And he so rich, with thousands in the bank."

"Let him keep it! I can work. There's another thing. I'm sick of his eternal cry that I should marry some woman with money. Morning, noon, and night it's the same story—about this or that rich wench to be had for the asking. As if I'd sell myself like that!"

"I'm sure you wouldn't!" said Catherine, looking down. Her sun-hat hid her face, so that he did not see the crimson blush that covered her cheeks.

"I knew you'd think me in the right," he said softly.

She nodded emphatic assent, still with her face turned away. Her look was radiant again. She felt the warmth of earth and sky, and was once more full of the joy of life. He had come to her, he had confided in her, first of all!

As they passed up the meadows, a wood-dove crooned in a neighbouring tree, and the deep, long-drawn note seemed to come out of her own full heart. The growing grass, the kindling air, was happy and alive; the earth seemed drawing great deep breaths of peace and joy. What did all else matter now? What mattered her own troubles, the old man's anger, the son's wrath, since everything in the world was so glad and bright? She had no thought of the future. She only knew that she was happy, and that it was full summer.

Hers was a nature with few caprices and no self-deceptions—incapable of analysis or introspection. Had the young man said to her at that moment, "I love you, Catherine," she would have felt no surprise and have expressed none, but would have replied simply, "And I love you, George," giving herself to him frankly and with a full heart. Her modesty was that of a beautiful animal, and in her love there was neither fear nor shame. "God made the woman for the man, and the man for the woman," was her good old country creed. And, being simple and sane of disposition, she needed no present protestation of love to make her happy. Love to her, at that moment, seemed as simple and certain as the green earth, as the warm air, as the restful clouds, as her own gladly beating

heart. She breathed it, she felt it in her veins, and it was enough. George had come to her, he was at her side, and all the rest seemed easy.

Wholly unsuspecting of the feelings he had awakened, and which had been growing in Catherine's heart for many a day, George walked on, with his eyes on the farm above him. All his thoughts were there!—Catherine was his friend, his comrade, his sister even, but that was all. In his eyes she was a good kind creature, comely enough, but, so far as he was concerned, almost sexless.

A cock crowed, up among the farm buildings, and another answered the challenge.

"Sign of rain," said Catherine, smiling. What cared she for rain or storm then, though it should play havoc with the haymaking!

"Oh, it won't come yet," replied George, carelessly.

They stepped out upon the deep-furrowed road which led up to the farm-house, followed it for a hundred yards, and opened a small wicket-gate leading into a wild piece of garden which faced the porch; and on the rough lawn just outside the porch a pretty girl of twenty sat in a wicker chair, humming to herself and sewing.

"Here's Bridget!" cried Catherine, beaming with affection.

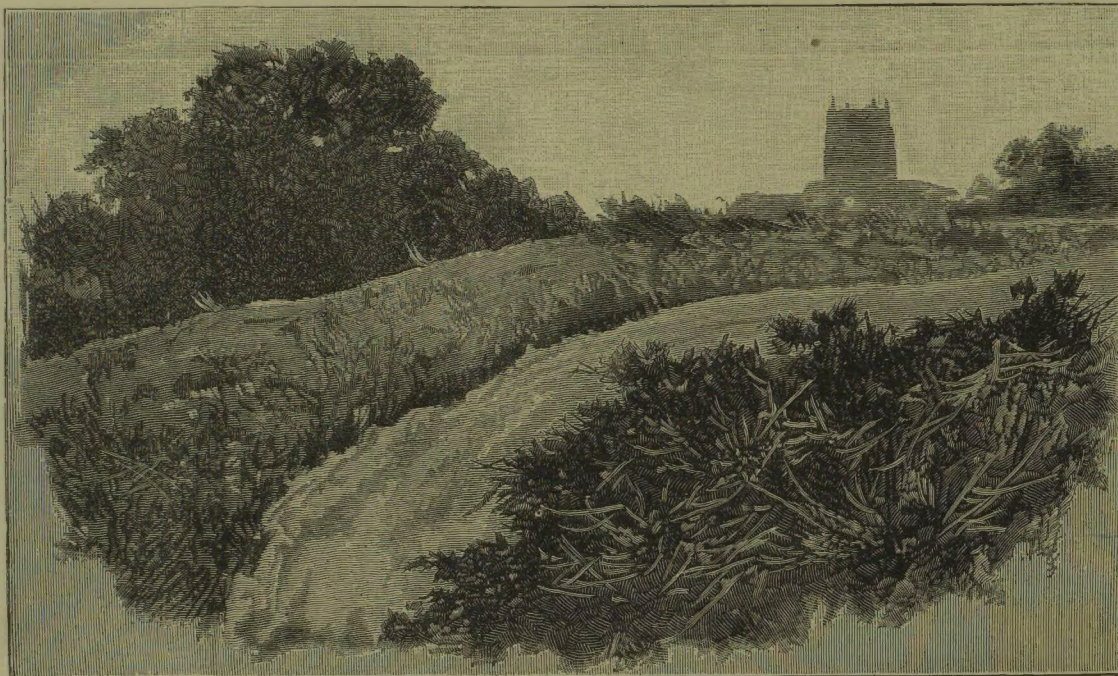
Bridget looked up, then, seeing George, blushed and nodded a greeting. The young man blushed too, and held out his hand, which the girl took quietly. Catherine, sure of her own happiness, looked on with a smile of large approval.

CHAPTER II.

UP AT THE FARM.

Thro' the haze of the heat, cattle low, lambskins bleat,
While *tweet a tweet, tweet!* the birds whistle sweet,
And Love's in the air, like a lark on the wing! O!—*Old Song.*

Catherine and Bridget Thorpe were two sisters by the same mother, though in age there was nearly eight years' difference between them; Bridget being, as the old farmer used to express it, "an after-thought," born when the parents had given up all thoughts of having another child. Seen apart, they bore a certain resemblance to each other, though the younger sister was much fairer in complexion; but standing side by side, they seemed of different parentage altogether.



How still and peaceful all looked!

Bridget was small, and slight for her age, with wistful blue eyes, a pouting rosebud of a mouth, a nose slightly *retroussé*, and delicate feet and hands; refined and lady-like in every look and gesture. Catherine, on the other hand, seemed of larger mould than she really was, a woman of the people, neither delicate nor refined. The very dress of the sisters was a contrast. While Catherine wore much the same raiment as her own dairy-women, Bridget was attired like a lady in a dress of better cut and finer material, with dainty boots on her feet, and gloves on her hands to keep them from the sun.

Softly and gently, with the look of a mother in her eyes, Catherine bent over her sister and kissed her, saying—

"I've brought George to amuse you. I've got to talk to Geoffrey."

Then, with a smile and a nod, she entered the porch and passed into the house.

The pertinacious wood-dove, who had been cooing in the trees below, had now ensconced himself in a large elm overhanging the garden, and was filling the air with his dreamy call. Bridget sewed on, listening, while George stood by, awkwardly looking at her. For a long time neither said a word. The young man was the first to break the silence, and with a somewhat irrelevant remark—

"I've often wondered, Bridget, that your sister doesn't marry; but there, she doesn't seem one of the marrying sort."

Stitch! stitch! went the little fingers.

"Indeed no," the girl replied, smiling. "She has too much sense."

Here George at once saw an opening, which he endeavoured to enlarge.

"You think marrying's stupid then?" he observed somewhat sheepishly.

"Folks say so," Humming to herself.

"Well, it all depends!"

"On what?"

"On the folk concerned. Where there's love, you know."

"What's that?"

"Why, you see, love's—well, love's love!"

Bridget laughed outright.

"How do folk feel when they're in love?" she asked slyly.

"Well, a bit awkward—full of things that can't be said, and, well, frightened!"

"Indeed, are you ever frightened?"

"Sometimes."

"Who frightens you?"

"You do!"

"Am I so dreadful?"

"Not at all; but, you see, when I talk to Catherine I feel

quite at home. She's so frank and true and good, like one's own sister."

"And I'm not. Thank you!"

"With you it's different!"

Bridget pouted her lips, and knitted her brow thoughtfully.

"That's because I'm not pretty. I was always an ugly little thing. When I was a baby I'd a mouth like a frog!"

Here George, seeing a chance for a compliment, observed eagerly—

"Your mouth's like a rosebud!"

"All prickles! Then it's my nose that's ugly? [Here she rubbed it dubiously.] I know it turns up!"

"Of course. You wouldn't have it turn down? Besides, it makes folk want to kiss you!"

"Then it's like their impudence! I detest kissing—it always looks so silly."

"Yet you kissed Catherine."

"Oh, that's different, as you would say—and, besides, Catherine is more to me than all the world!"

As she spoke, a look of infinite tenderness, wistful in its yearning as the look of a loving child, passed over the girl's face.

While George and Bridget were talking together in full sunshine, Geoffrey and Catherine were busily engaged in the great oak-raftered kitchen at the rear of the house: a capacious chamber, of barn-like proportions, with a deep old-fashioned ingle, at either side of which were seats of black oak, and a warm fire burning on the hearth, as if it were mid-winter instead of midsummer. The kitchen was full of queer divisions and corners, in one of which, close to the window, there was a piece of carpet, a work-table, and a writing-desk—the whole forming a sort of little parlour open to the rest of the room. Here Catherine, with the aid of Bridget, audited her accounts, paid her labourers, and attended generally to the farm business; and here she was busy with the overseer, showing him one paper after another to explain the financial situation.

"The worst of debts," she observed philosophically, as he scrutinised the documents, "is that they come, like the swallows, all at once. There's the rates nearly a month overdue, and the money owing to the Gaffer, and all the other odds and ends—so that I scarce know which way to turn."

"Marsh will wait," returned Geoffrey, thoughtfully; "so must the Gaffer."

"I'm in doubts, Geoffrey. One's a hard man, t'other's a fool!"

Geoffrey was silent for a moment, then he said, without raising his eyes—

"If the worst comes to the worst, you must get some friend to help you."

"I've no friends, Geoffrey, now father's gone."

"You've one, Catherine," was the quiet reply. "The man your father took in and sheltered many a long year ago—the man who owes everything to you and yours. You know I've something put by, and it's more than enough to free you of all your troubles."

"Take your money!" cried Catherine.

"Who has the better right to it? You shall take it."

"I can't. I'd rather sell the lease and go away."

"You shall never do that—never!" said the overseer. "If you won't take the money, if you don't trust me enough to take it as a gift, at least have it as a loan—you'll soon repay me!"

"How good you are!" she said, looking into his eyes.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, colouring under the look.

"But yes!—I always think of you, ay, and pray for you, just as if you were my own dear brother."

Through the blue, diamond-shaped panes of the low window the sunlight streamed, a moted ray trembling and full of life, and with it came the low of kine, the crowing of cocks, all the sleepy murmur of the farmyard. The light fell full on Catherine's bust and throat, leaving her face in shadow. Geoffrey's face was in shadow too, but he turned it away as she spoke the last words, which (little as the speaker guessed it) cut into his heart like a knife. She noticed the look of pain, but didn't guess its cause.

"Well, well," she said, smiling, "we'll see what the Gaffer has to say!" and passed over the tile-paved floor, where the dim firelight gleamed, and seemed struggling feebly to join issue with the sunlight at the window. She was not the least bit troubled. Duns might come and duns might go, but her heart that day was full of sweet content.

"Well, Jasper, how are the lambs?"

"Sound and safe," answered a voice from the ingle.

"Of course you've heard. The mare's in labour, and I've had to call in Dutton to pull her through."

"He? He be no use. Them new-fangled vets don't know the ways o' beasts."

The speaker was a man of nearly seventy years of age, though he looked even older: tall of figure, but round-shouldered, as if through ever bending forward and leaning on a staff; wrinkled and grey-haired, yet fresh-coloured, with keen grey eyes, puckered up in constant scrutiny of wind and weather. He wore an old smock-frock, gaiters, and heavy shoes. By his side lay a shepherd's crook, and at his feet slept a shaggy-coated sheepdog. He was eating bread and cheese, cutting off the mouthfuls deliberately with a clasp-knife.

"Well," said Catherine, laughing, "you were up on the Weald, or I'd have asked you to try some of your herbs and maybe a charm too, into the bargain."

Here Geoffrey, who had quietly followed his mistress, broke in with "I'd back Jasper against the doctor, whether the patient's man or beast."

The Shepherd looked up with a grim smile.

"Thankee, Measter Geoffrey. I be no scholar, thank God! but I know the yerbs and the flowers, and the signs o' the stars and planets, and the ways of living things. Lonesomeness breeds thoughts, Miss Catherine. There's more curious things in nature than foolish folk believe."

"And you know them, Jasper," said Catherine. "Didn't you cure Dame Seafeld of her rheumatism when all the doctors failed? And when poor Bess Thistlewaite was pining away for the miller, didn't you teach her a charm to cure the heart-ache?"

Jasper's face expanded into a broad smile of self-satisfaction. He swallowed the last mouthful of bread and cheese,



CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

wiped his knife on his sleeve, and then said, nodding good-humouredly—

"Well, maybe I know the ways o' wimmen and the humours of flesh and blood."

"And you an old bachelor!" said Catherine, nudging Geoffrey with her elbow.

"Well, Miss, a bachelor sees nature from an unprejudiced pint of view. He can't tie down to apron-strings and childer, like some poor vules o' men."

So saying, he arose and stepped from his seat, while the dog rose too, and stretched itself. His great height became now apparent. Even with his stoop, he stood about six feet. Holding his old felt hat in his hand, leaning on his crook, and blinking his eyes cunningly, he looked at his mistress as she said guily—

"Well, when I'm sick or in love, I'll come to you!"

"Do, Miss; and I'll put my finger on the trouble, if I can't find a cure," he said, passing slowly towards the open door; then pausing and looking back he added, "Maybe I could tell Measter Geoffrey summat, too, about hisself!"

"Oh, I'm tough and sound!" said the overseer, with a nervous laugh.

"There's a weak spot somewheres in every man," answered Jasper, nodding his head philosophically, "be he ever so strong. . . I brought 'ee them yerbs, Miss Catherine. Gathered them at full moon, last night."

"Thank you, Jasper."

As the Shepherd approached the door, he was confronted by a stout, red-faced man entering in his shirt-sleeves, followed by another man, very small and spare, who was carrying the stout man's coat.

"It's all right now, Miss Catherine," said the stout man, with a contemptuous look at the Shepherd. "Mother and child, as the saying is, are doing well, and the foal's a picture to look at."

"Thank you, Mr. Dutton," cried Catherine.

The Shepherd's face was puckered up into a smile of amused contempt, not unmingled with sly malignity.

"Science be a wonderful thing, Measter Dutton," he observed quietly. "'Tis amazing how Nature ever got along without you doctor chaps all the years afore ye was born."

And with a chuckle he passed out into the farmyard, while Dutton looked after him with a snort of scorn.

"That old charlatan ought to be locked up," he said, putting on his coat with the little man's assistance. "They punish old women for fortune-telling; they ought to quod him for illegal practices."

"Oh, Jasper's all right," returned Catherine, smiling. "You'll have a glass of ale?"

Dutton nodded, and Catherine tripped off to fill some glasses at a great burel among the shadows.

"Morning, Mr. Geoffrey!—morning!" said the little man, speaking for the first time. He was very fresh-coloured and dapper, and, though he was only about fifty years old, he spoke in a high falsetto.

"Morning, Mr. Marsh."

At this moment George and Geoffrey entered the kitchen. Both looked flushed and a little self-conscious, as if their conversation had not been altogether casual. It was curious to note how at the young man's appearance Geoffrey's face darkened, not angrily, but sadly.

Catherine brought the ale, and both Dutton and Marsh partook of it. The talk turned on farm matters, on weather and crops, and particularly on the new-born colt, but it had a troubled undercurrent, for Catherine was in Dutton's debt, and Marsh was her Majesty's collector of taxes. As the men drank their ale and talked together, the two sisters walked over to the table by the window, and there conversed in whispers—Bridget sitting down before a pile of accounts, and Catherine bending over her, with one arm placed softly round her shoulders.

Presently, however, Dutton the surgeon called to Catherine, and craved a little private talk with her. They walked to the open door, and stood there talking. It was clear that Dutton was pressing his claim for money, for Catherine looked somewhat vexed and troubled. At last, however, he nodded, took her hand, and with a "Good-day" to the others went out into the yard, where his horse was waiting for him under the care of a farm-lad.

As Catherine returned towards Bridget, Mr. Marsh stopped her with a nervous smile on his fresh face and gave vent to a semi-amorous chuckle.

"Bless the man!" cried Catherine, "what's the matter with him?"

"It's the heart, Miss Catherine," piped the tax-collector, "quarrelling with the occupation!"

"Marsh has a large heart—no doubt of that," said George, standing with his back to the fireplace, while Geoffrey had taken the Shepherd's seat in the ingle.

"Thankee, Mr. George. They do say of me, 'Marsh is a gey man, though he do collect the Queen's rates and taxes, and the wonder is he's never married!' But, there, rates and taxes are my misfortune."

"And ours, too, Mr. Marsh," said Catherine.

"Rates and taxes cast a gloom over welcome, and gaiety and law they never agree. I should have been a family man long ago but for that, for they do say I'm fresh-coloured and have pleasing ways. A month overdue, Miss, I believe?" he added tenderly.

Catherine glanced towards the window, but Bridget had disappeared.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait a little longer, Mr. Marsh!"

"I'd wait a year to oblige a lady," answered the little man, bowing politely, "but them above me force me to act contrariwise to my disposition. Ah! it's a terrible misfortune to a pleasing man, and one as loves a welcome, to"—

Here his discourse was interrupted by Bridget, who tapped him on the arm, and, leading him to the table, requested him to write out a receipt for the amount due; then, opening a little purse and counting out the money on the table, she smiled at Catherine, who looked stupefied.

"The taxes are my affair this time," cried Bridget, with an air of importance. "There's your money!"

"Bridget!" said Catherine; "you mustn't! I won't have it!"

"Nonsense!" cried Bridget. "Now, Mr. Marsh, I hope you're satisfied. Please, no apologies!"

The little man sighed, signed the receipt, and took the money; then, with a nervous "Morning, morning!" and a low bow to the ladies, took his departure. This time Catherine looked really troubled. Throwing herself into a chair, she renewed her protest.

"It's a shame! All your little savings! It was for you to dress nicely, to make yourself look nice. Geoffrey!"

Geoffrey rose at the call and came over to the window.

"Do you know what she's done?" cried Catherine. "Isn't it too bad of her?"

Geoffrey smiled, and said nothing; but Bridget, with a sound between a laugh and a cry, threw her arms around her sister's neck.

"Never mind, dear!—by-and-bye—some day—when I marry, you know—you shall pay me back!"

The cloud passed from Catherine's face, and she laughed merrily.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Bridget.

"To hear you talk of marrying! A mite like you! Time enough for that, Geoffrey, when she's grown a woman, eh?"

"But I am a woman!"

"You're a baby!" cried Catherine, drawing her face down and kissing it. "What between you and Geoffrey, I feel quite ashamed. Why, only just now the stupid fellow wanted me to rob him, and now you've made me rob you!" she added, clasping Bridget, and reaching out her other hand to Geoffrey, who took it quietly. "But bless you both for it! It's good to be loved like that! To have such a sister—and such a brother!"

For the moment, all three, even Catherine, had forgotten George's presence. He stood in the firelight, listening and looking on.

(To be continued.)

THE SWANLEY HOMES FOR BOYS.

The Swanley Orphan Homes for Boys, situated near Farningham, in West Kent, have been repeatedly described. They have just obtained a valuable addition by the opening by Lord Herschell, on Oct. 2, of the Morrison Home. The Morrison Home has been built by a gift of £1000 from Mrs. Thomas Morrison, in memory of her late husband. Here, as in all the



THE "MORRISON HOME,"
AT THE HOMES FOR LITTLE BOYS, SWANLEY, KENT.

Swanley Homes, the boys are under the charge of a matron, who attempts to give the feeling of home life to the twenty or thirty orphan lads under her charge. School education alternates with industrial training, and every boy, after reaching a certain standard in the school, has two hours' daily training in one of the workshops. All the clothes and boots and shoes worn by the boys are made at the Homes; and carpentry, plumbing, and gardening are among the "subjects" practically taught. The secretary is Mr. Benjamin Clarke, of Bank Buildings, Ludgate Circus.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

On Saturday, Oct. 3, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany laid the foundation-stone of the new chancel of the parish church of All Saints, Carshalton.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Joseph Savory, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Tyler, attended the harvest festival service on Sunday, Oct. 4, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. Services of thanksgiving for the harvest were also held at several other City churches, including St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside; St. Andrew Under-shaft, Leadenhall Street; St. Bride, Fleet Street; St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate; St. Peter, Cornhill; and St. Mary, Aldermanbury.

The Lady Mayoress (Lady Savory) on Saturday, Oct. 3, laid the memorial-stone of the new church of St. Peter, Cricklewood. She was accompanied by the Lord Mayor, with Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Tyler and Mrs. Tyler.

Dr. Boissierie, of Lourdes, has published a history of the sanctuary of Lourdes, written by the medical faculty, comprising some three hundred certificates of miraculous cures. He is aware that he has performed a task which will do him no credit among his professional brethren. He admits the reality of the effects obtained by hypnotism and suggestion; but he declines to allow that these go near to accounting for everything. His most curious case, perhaps, is that of Sister Juliana, a nun, who was restored from the last stage of the worst form of pulmonary consumption. She was taken in a dying state to Lourdes, the doctors and sisters fearing she would die in their hands. It was thought at first that she had died on touching the water; but suddenly her cheeks became coloured, she rose, and dressed herself. The lungs, covered with tubercles, were instantly restored to perfect health and vigour. Six doctors, we are assured, bore witness to her malady, and seven to her perfect cure.

The *Guardian* advises the Government to bring in an Education Bill for Ireland, as the best way of breaking up the alliance between English Liberals and Irish Nationalists. It observes that while Irish Nationalists are more than ever pledged to denominational education, English Liberals are more than ever hostile to that system.

Two volumes of sermons which should be very interesting are promised—"Village Sermons," by Dean Church, and "Short Sermons," by Mr. Stopford Brooke. Dean Church, in his little parish of Whatley, was wont to preach, with his usual beauty of style, but with great simplicity, to his rural flock, and a judicious selection from these discourses should be a treasure. It is believed that no decision has as yet been come to as to the further publication of his St. Paul's sermons.

Edward Cracroft Lefroy, known to many through his literary work, has died at the early age of thirty-six. Health prevented his preaching, and he became a writer, reviewing for many years for the *Guardian* and contributing to the *Globe*. His little volume of sonnets, "Echoes from Theocritus," had real distinction, and selections from it have found their way into standard collections.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala has been opened with much *éclat*. Professor Jowett, of Balliol College, Oxford, was unable to be present, but sent a long and characteristic letter. It is said that some of the Welsh bishops were invited.

SOME OLD POLITICAL POEMS.

II.

BY THE HON. STUART ERSKINE.

The habit of celebrating in verse events to which a political or social significance had been generally attached may safely be described as the peculiar prerogative of a former and less unimagined age. The decay of versification, more especially, perhaps, of spontaneous and unpremeditated verse composition, is not less apparent than real; and, although the flood of what is by courtesy termed poetry shows no signs of any immediate abatement, there unfortunately subsist very pregnant and weighty reasons for believing that an ancient and very respectable accomplishment—the art of lightly confirming some debated political principle, of expressing agreeably and succinctly some humorous, witty, or pleasing sentiment through the graceful medium of metre, is in danger of rapid extinction, even if it has not already everlastingly perished. It is well known that in former times the most trivial, equally with the most desperate occurrences sufficed to provoke an appeal to the Muse; a statesman could not resign, a king abdicate, or a pretty woman blow her nose or shed tears but their several actions were forthwith made the theme of rhyming bards. The resignation of the Grenville Ministry, better known as the Ministry of "all the talents," in March 1807, directly inspired the following rather clever impromptu, the authorship of which I have been unable to trace—

EPIGRAM ON THE RESIGNATION OF "ALL THE TALENTS."

Alas! my good friends, "all the talents" are gone,
What a perilous state for the nation!
Yet though the sad case is undoubtedly grave,
We rejoice to possess "Resignation!"

The dislike which Whigs entertained for George III. is rather aptly exemplified in the "squib" which is appended below. This probably arose, in the first instance, from the King's abhorrence of the fundamental Whig doctrine, that the great Whig families, and not the King, since the latter owed his crown to the former, should have exclusive right to nominate the first Minister to the Throne in all Whig Governments—

"On hearing that the King of Würtemberg had publicly said that those who questioned his Majesty's wisdom should be accounted mad, and not punishable, but should hold no places—

In Würtemberg the King proclaims that madmen shall not hold a place;
His father here none other names, and hence Great Britain's sad disgrace."

The following, I have good reason to believe, is from the pen of Sheridan. I give it because it appears to me to contain a good deal of fun compressed into a comparatively small compass, not on account of its intrinsic literary value, which is incidentally small—

WRITTEN IN KING JAMES'S ROOM AT HATFIELD.

Your long room so narrow,
And straight as an arrow,
Can ne'er with your other rooms tally.
But if given to your son,
'Twould be excellent fun,
To hear it called Cranbourne Alley.

In the subjoined outrageous and indelicate ode it is maliciously and cruelly attempted to make Mr. Samuel Whitbread the author of its existence; but, in justice to the ashes of that worthy and respectable gentleman, it should be stated that it is the work of some other hand, and is not to be confounded in any way with the projections of more reputable assailants. The ode is valuable as a startling vindication of an ancient prophecy—

THE IMPROMPTU, BY A RIGHT HONOURABLE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

I am like Archimedes in science and skill;
I am like a young Prince that march'd straight up a hill,
And to interest the hearts of the fair be it said,
I am like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why of June the Eleventh I remember
Much more than of April, of March, and September,
'Tis because on that day, and with pride I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor took to his Brewery;
On that day, too, he died, having finished his summing
And the angels all sung, "Here's old Whitbread acoming!"
My Lords, while the beams of this hall shall support
The roof that o'er shades this respectable court,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos,
While the beams of the sun shall pour in at the windows,
My name shall yet shine, as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals—his blazon'd on signs.

The following admirably serves the not very exalted purpose for which it was written, and suffices, at the same time, to introduce itself; but it is to be remarked, in explanation of some of its more questionable passages, that the poem was written but two years before Lord Erskine's death, when his faculties, dimmed, but not obscured by age, were—it may be charitably supposed—less open to perceive the disadvantages attending such a performance, and less able to estimate the injurious effect it might reasonably occasion to his character in the minds and sentiments of the pious—

TO MY GRANDSON, THOMAS HOLLAND.

(ON HEARING, THIS MORNING, A MOST EXCELLENT SERMON FROM HIS FATHER, DOCTOR HOLLAND. WRITTEN TO INDUCE HIM TO STUDY PHYSIC.)

'Tis vain, dear Tom, to keep the farce on,
In times like these, of turing parson;
You scarce can hope to write or say
Aught better than we heard to-day
In higher pulpits than his own.
Yet what is he the better for't
Without a powerful friend at Court?
He preaches on from year to year,
Without a gentleman to hear.
But if in physic you could show
Only as much as others know,
Still more if you acquired the skill
To cure where other doctors kill.
Or got the knack of looking grave
And wise, whatever stuff you gave,
Your purse would soon begin to swell
Tho' the whole Court were gone to Hell.
Ill paid, your father has to plod
To make poor clowns believe in God;
When you would have but this to do
To make rich lords believe in you.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 9, 1821.

E.

In 1815 Lord Erskine went to Paris, and, while abroad, was careful to keep a journal, in which are faithfully recorded such various events as befell his lordship as seemed to him worthy of registration. He entered Paris with the allied armies, and during his sojourn in that city was most hospitably entertained by the Duke of Wellington, who, it appears, afterwards commissioned him to deliver to the Prince Regent Bonaparte's spurs, found on the field of battle, a trust which he safely executed, as may be gathered from the following epigram—

"Written on the envelope of Bonaparte's spurs as given to me by the Duke of Wellington at Paris to convey to the Prince Regent. The Prince on receiving it said it should be kept in the Armoury exactly as I had delivered it. I wrote it in Carlton House whilst the Prince was getting up—

These Napoleon left behind,
Flying swiftly as the wind,
Useless to him if buckled on,
Needing no spur but Wellington.

"CARLTON HOUSE, July 18th, 1815."



A CHEAP LOT: SKETCH AT A FRENCH FISHING VILLAGE.



* VIEW FROM THE ROAD IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXVIII.

Penrhyn Castle.

IT is needful to go to Wales to realise what Wales is: how much it is still a different country from England, how far is still true the prophecy of Taliesin the Bard concerning its ancient people—

Their Lord they shall praise,
Their language they shall keep,
Their land they shall lose,
Except Wild Wales.

Nor is anything in the country more Welsh than the north-western district, where Penrhyn Castle stands, the very corner



LORD PENRHYN.

of the land but for isolated Anglesey. This is the famous Carnarvonshire, the last stronghold of the Britons, almost impregnable behind the vast rampart of the Snowdon mountains—Bettws Garmon, Y Wyddfa itself, Carnedd David, Carnedd Llewellyn, Penmaenmaur—with Conway River beyond them to the east, and north and west the sea. Of all the districts that have fought for their country's freedom, "Carnarvonshire, the rugged and mountainous," must be allowed, says Thomas Nicholas, to stand, beyond dispute, the foremost. "It has not a mountain which has not been a stronghold, nor a valley or ravine which has not been the line of march of hostile or patriotic hosts. . . . Against the sides of its adamant hills the waves of hostile armies have rolled many a time in vain, and in the recoil have been broken into foam and disappeared."

And, as the fight was here longest maintained against the Roman and the Englishman and the civilisations they brought with them, so here is still to be found much of the simplicity of an old-world country, still holding out against new men and new ways. Except in the towns, Welsh is still the only language of the older people, the chief language of the young. In neighbouring Anglesey the women keep to their country's costume—the red cloak and high black hat. Within this present century, indeed, tourists described the mountain folk of this corner of Wales precisely as now we speak of the people of northern Norway: "Their way of living is very simple," says one writer. "*Bara ceirch*, or oaten bread, with a little hung smoke-dried goat's-flesh, forming the principal food; while their drink consists of whey or buttermilk and a few bottles of *cerw* (ale), preserved as a cordial in case of illness."

The last fifty years, however, have seen a great change, but it has come from within—from the prosperity won by the vigour of the people themselves and the natural resources of their country; it has not been forced upon them from without. The slate quarries of Penrhyn, worked as they have been worked by one Welshman, the first Lord Penrhyn, have brought commerce and wealth to the whole county. And we know what commerce and wealth bring in their train. Millions of slates leave Port Penrhyn every year to cover English roofs; and on every slate is written the "Mene, mene, tekell, upharin" of the Welsh language and Welsh ways. Penrhyn Castle, once the stronghold of a Cambrian prince, is now—against its will, very likely—the centre of Saxon influence and Saxon speech.

Foraging in old books, it is a scrappy, interesting history that one gets of this castle at Penrhyn and its people. One finds mention of different houses built here on this hill by the narrow salt waterway, and different owners thereof, a thousand years apart and more—though indeed it may be said that during some nine or ten centuries there has been but one complete break in the descent of the estate.

Even if one is a little sceptical of genealogies, it is amusing to wander down the centuries, following the rambling history of such a house, with its old traditions and its modern facts, from the days of Roderic Mwlwynog, strange and distant like Ossian, full of battle and tempest; through those rude Middle Ages when an abbot of the house of Pennant won praise of wandering bards for his good wine, and afterwards, a "monk *deraigne*," cast his frock and married; passing, in the time of Elizabeth, a famous pirate, just too lawless even for those days of sea-robbery; with an odd glimpse even of Richard Cromwell, as an old, quiet man, gazed at as a curiosity; till modern days are reached, with Thomas Pennant, the easy-going, humorous man of science, typical of his century (which was the eighteenth), and Lord Penrhyn, the enterprising rich man of his country-side, making a fortune of its natural wealth, and building roads and ports therewith.

The first tradition we get is about a forerunner of the castle itself. We are told that on this very site stood the Palace of Roderic (or Rhodri) Mwlwynog, a prince of North Wales, whose reign began in the year 720—a sturdy little fortress, no doubt, which met with the fate of most palace-fortresses of its day. "The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the winds; the fox looked from out the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head." It was

levelled to the ground in 987 by Meredydd ap Owen, who that year invaded North Wales and slew its reigning prince, Cadwallon ap Jevaf.

In the time of Llewellyn the Great, Penrhyn was given to a gentleman of high degree named Yarddhu ap Trahaiarn. He had many more possessions, which were left in gavelkind among his descendants; and Penrhyn fell to the share of a young lady named Eva, or Enerys. She brought it with her, as a marriage portion, to the man she married, whose names are said to have been Gryffydd ap Heilin ap Sir Tudor ap Ednyard Vychan.

To go on with the actual buildings. History says nothing of the successor to the levelled palace, but in the time of Henry VI. a new castle was built by one of the descendants of Gryffydd ap Heilin ap Sir Tudor ap Ednyard Vychan. This seems to have been the nucleus of the house at Penrhyn, through all its changes, until the present castle was begun, and even now some rooms are pointed out as belonging to "the old part." A century ago Thomas Pennant (in his "Tours in Wales") described the then "present buildings" as standing round a court, and consisting of "a gateway, chapel, tower, a vast hall, and a few other apartments. By several ruins" (he added) "may be traced its former extent." Later we hear of "improvements," from designs by Wyatt, the well-known architect of that day, who is said to have paid "due respect" to the original design, except in moving the chapel from its old place. But we have no means of guessing how much respect was then thought to be thus "due," except from the sad fact that "the whole was new-fronted with yellow brick, which gave it the appearance of stone." A candid critic, whose criticism was dated 1828, stated that the house was then "a modern building except for one small round tower," and its style an unhappy mixture of Greek, Roman, Gothic, and English. The present castle—of which much more hereafter—was the chief work of Thomas Hopper, an architect greatly in fashion in the earlier part of this century.

To return from the house at Penrhyn to its owners: we find them persons of importance in the time of Owen Tudor, who married Katharine, widow of Henry V. At this period there "happened some difference," we are told by the chronicler of the Royal Tribes of Wales, between William Gryffyth of Penrhyn, Chamberlain of North Wales, and John ab Meredydd, both of whom bore chief rule in the country—"the one by reason of his authority, that all should reverence and obey him; the other in regard of his descent, kindred, and ability, acknowledged none but the prince his superior: hence grew the debate

. . . . nec Cesar ferre priorem
Pompeiusve parem."

This rivalry became an established family feud, "the Tylwydd John ab Meredydd" (as, from their loyalty, the race of Meredydd's adherents came to be called) hating the descendants of Gryffyth with that century-long Celtic hatred of which we English have not the secret. At last, however, "with matches and continuance of time," the quarrel was worn out.

It was this William Gryffyth (or Gwillim ap Gryffydd) who rebuilt the castle. His son, whom we find written down as William Fychan, would have been able to advance a strong argument in favour of home rule for "gallant little Wales," for the conquering Saxon actually forbade him to marry a daughter of his own land (whereupon he philosophically did the next best thing, and married an Englishwoman).

But the most famous and picturesque figure among these Griffiths of Penrhyn is that of the Elizabethan sea-rover, Piers Griffith (spelt also Pyrs Gryffydd, if you prefer it). Of him historians with a proper allowance of imagination have told us that he bought and fitted up at his own expense a fighting-vessel, and with it joined Drake and Raleigh in an expedition against the Spaniards, doing much damage to a certain Armada: that he distinguished himself in the West Indies, was a mighty man of valour in the Straits of Magellan: and that, carrying on acts of piracy against Spain after peace was made, he was arrested and fined so heavily that he had to mortgage and, in the end, sell his estate. But about all these most probable and praiseworthy statements modern historians have a good deal to say.

Drake and Raleigh, they assert, did not make any joint expedition whatever, either to the coast of Spain or to the West Indies: Drake was not anywhere in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Magellan later than 1588. Piers Griffith's name is not to be found in any list of the commanders of ships against the Spanish Armada, nor in any account of the fights fought with them. No doubt he may have played his part in the great struggle, and he may have served at other times under Drake, but never, it should seem, in any conspicuous fashion.

It is true, however, that he had to mortgage and finally to sell Penrhyn; and a newsletter of the year 1603 tells us that "Griffith, a Welsh pirate," was then captured at Cork, "and his lands, worth £500 a year, as some say, given to Lord Grey." And, in spite of all disparagement, it has to be confessed that in 1628 Master Piers Griffith had the honour of being laid to rest in the broad aisle of Westminster Abbey—a dignity attained by few Welsh pirates.

As regards the descent of the estate of Penrhyn, the facts about our pirate and his assignees are clear and uncontested enough. He was lord of Penrhyn in the time of Elizabeth, inheriting it from his father, Sir Rhys Griffith. He mortgaged part of the estate to Jevan Lloyd, Esquire of Yale, who, with Sir Richard Trevor, bought the whole in 1616. Six years later they sold it to a famous Welshman, John Williams, Archbishop of York, who was born at Conway, hard by; and he bequeathed it to his nephew, Gryffyth Williams. The male line of the Williamses failing in the next generation, half the estate descended, through a co-heiress, to John Pennant, whose son—afterwards Lord Penrhyn—completed his ownership by marrying the lady to whom had descended the other half.

The ancient family of Pennant can trace so long a connection with Castle Penrhyn—though mainly, as the genealogist would apologetically remark, through the female line—that it is pertinent to note how far back in the history of the country they have their origin. Like several of the great Welsh families, the Pennants of this house claim as their ancestor Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, who married Angharad, daughter of Howel Ddâ, or the Good, Prince of Wales, and who lived in the tenth century; but it was not till the reign of Henry VI. that the name of Pennant began to belong to this family. Their seat was then Bychton, in Flintshire, a place at the head of a dingle or glen—whence the name taken by David ap Tudor, then its master, for *pen* signifies "head," and *nant* "a dingle."

David's son Thomas was the jovial priest already spoken of. He was abbot of Basingwerk, in Flintshire, and so hospitable—said Guttyn Owain, the bard, who sang in 1480—that he "gave twice the treasure of a king in wine." He also abounded in good works, making windmills and watermills, and enlarging and beautifying his abbey. Moreover, he was a man of valour in battle; and he ended by leaving the Church, marrying, and becoming the ancestor of the family to which belonged the first Lord Penrhyn (and, by the female side, the present lord and his father).

The Pennants fought for the King in the Civil War, and suffered for their loyalty—the Bychton family in particular, for their home was plundered, and its lord only saved from starvation by his wife, who often walked from the parish of Whiteford to his hiding place at Denbigh with a bag of oatmeal for him. His son it was, by the way, who used to meet, at the famous coffee-house of Don Saltero, poor Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life."

To this Bychton branch of the family belonged Thomas Pennant, the naturalist and traveller, whose "Tours in Wales" are a storehouse of information about the ancient country as it was a hundred years ago. It is he who tells us of the beginnings of the great prosperity of his kinsman at Penrhyn. "His lordship," says Thomas, "has established a great manufactory of writing-slates. Previously, we were entirely supplied from Switzerland; that trade has now ceased: the Swiss manufacturers are become bankrupt."

The fighting spirit has not gone out of us, and there is a touch of proper pride in Pennant's description of the defeat of the Swiss; but Richard Pennant—created Baron Penrhyn, of the Peerage of Ireland, in the days of George III.—was not merely the vigorous, competitive, commercial man. He did much for his county, made Port Penrhyn, and not unfairly won the title historians give him—"one of the greatest benefactors that North Wales ever possessed."

In 1808 Lord Penrhyn died, without children, leaving his estate to his cousin, George Hay Dawkins, who assumed the name of Pennant, and whose daughter and co-heiress, marrying the son of the Earl of Morton, brought the estate into the present family. Her husband, the Hon. Edward Gordon Douglas, took the surname of Pennant, and in 1866 was created Baron Penrhyn. His son is the present peer.

With the great prosperity of Penrhyn has grown that of the town at its gates: Bangor, a place always important, with a university, a cathedral, and, a century ago, a famous controversy—the Bangorian—all to itself. It is a plain town in a beautiful situation—on the hillside, overlooking the Menai Straits; and on the way to the castle you pass along the whole of its curling High Street, from the warlike stone station at one end to the plain University and Port Penrhyn at the other.

The nearest entrance to the park is down the turning on the left, just beyond the town, that takes you to Port Penrhyn; but the chief one—much more imposing, with a great pillared archway—is a mile or so along the main road.

This is a pleasant country road, leading to Conway, and in due course to Chester: uphill just there, with thick hedges of sweetbriar, and here and there overshadowing trees by the side—and, in this early summer-time, a sweet scent of the hay. In front, as you walk easterly to Penrhyn, there are mountains, grey when it is cloudy and threatens rain—it generally threatens rain in Wales—green when the sun comes out to light them up.

By the main entrance to Penrhyn Park is the little village of Llandegai, which has grown up at the junction of the roads to Shrewsbury and to Chester. In its church, which is within the park, there is a marble monument, by Westmacott, to the first Lord and Lady Penrhyn, whereon a peasant woman and a workman from the quarries are mourning for their benefactors. An old account of the church (published in 1812) helps our knowledge of the appearance of the castle in those days, telling us that Llandegai Church—"hard by on the banks of the Ogwen"—was coloured with ochre to match the yellow face of Penrhyn Castle.



BACK VIEW OF CASTLE.

Llandegai was a battle-ground in days much later than those of Mwlwynog or Llewellyn. During the Civil War Sir John Owen, fighting for the King, tried to stop the advance of the Parliamentary troops under Carter and Twisleton; but he was defeated, taken prisoner, and—with the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Holland, and other nobles—sentenced to be beheaded. It was he who thanked his judges for their sentence, "deeming it a great honour to lose his head with such noble lords; being a plain gentleman of Wales, he had been afraid that they would hang him." In the end, however, he was neither beheaded nor hanged, but ignominiously pardoned.

The great gateway of the park is, like most things of Penrhyn, very massive and magnificent. It is sometimes said, as a reproach to this castle, that everything about it is too gorgeous, particularly for a Norman building—even though it be Norman of the nineteenth century; but this, if it be true,

may well be considered a fault on the right side, in England at all events. Ours is not a country of palaces; and it is well to have, on the site of that bygone dwelling of Mwlwynog, something modern and magnificent to set beside the ancient glories of Conway and Beaumaris.

After the gate is passed, one comes upon a glorious nest of trees, rich and dense, almost impenetrable. Even among our beautiful English parks, few are so wealthy in trees as this. It must have been of such a bit of forest-land that Dr. Johnson spoke when he allowed some little merit to Wales. "Except the woods of Bâch y Graig," he said, "what is there in Wales that can fill the hunger of ignorance or quench the thirst of curiosity?" (Though, by the way, in the same diary he had set it down as "a very beautiful and rich country, all enclosed and planted.") And "very beautiful and rich" is certainly this park, seven miles round in its girdle of slate wall.)

Straight ahead one sees, beyond an iron gate, a parkful of trees of moderate size; but a turning to the right is more tempting. Here, under the green boughs, the air is full of delicious scents. There is no one about, except a rabbit, who sits quietly regarding the stranger with Welsh curiosity. Just round a corner one comes upon a pleasant wooden seat, from which is to be seen a lovely corner of the park.

Here is a little slope all covered with great ferns, behind which rise the ancient trees. The grass at your feet is vivid with flowers, twinkling with every colour—yellow with buttercups, white with daisies, blue with pale forget-me-not; wild roses, fuchsia, purple clover, little "Robin Hoods," give scent and colour; and movement and song come from the small birds that move restlessly about, and from the unseen water whose falling softly sounds. And above a background of dark foliage there rises a grey tower of the castle, and adds its beauty to the picture.

Moving castlewards, you come before long to a curving path, which makes an avenue of approach to that high tower. Within its bend, there glows in the sunlight a patch of lawn, rich golden-green; a dazzling peacock moves along it, a point of colour yet more brilliant; and, following the slope of the park, the eye rests upon the bright, cool hues of brown sand and blue sea, farther off, with the quiet grey of hills beyond.

The castle is reached. A long wall, of great height, faces you—massive, plain, of immense strength. Above this are square towers; lower down it is pierced with narrow round-headed Norman windows; all is Norman, martial, and large, in this "great range of buildings, crowned with lofty towers." The Keep stands up to the left, tall and square, built after the pattern of the one we know at Rochester. Before it, nearer to us, the barbican stands across the way, its low towers all green with ivy. From the Keep the flag is flying; turrets look down upon the treetops, embrasures and narrow loopholes command all paths; the castle stands up proudly on its eminence, strong and warlike, though fighting days are over, and the peaceful trees have clustered round it.

Fronting the open park is the clock tower, sombre and square—with four little turrets at its corners, two round towers, ived halfway up, and to right and left of it towers greater still. Before this lies a large space of grass, lined and set round with trees, with a broad pathway leading straight across it.

The vast building is all new—undoubtedly new. It is, as has been said, nineteenth-century Norman, and not the Norman of the Conqueror: yet that it is all Norman, and not a compound of half-a-dozen quasi-feudal prettinesses in the style of a century ago, is something to be thankful for. Comparing it with most of the great English houses, it gains immensely in stateliness and grandeur: the sham classic, at least, and the assortment of mixed feudalisms, have no right to reproach this representative of Mwlwynog's ancient fortress.

Within, the "profusion of splendid and gorgeous ornament" has often been blamed; yet it may not unfairly be argued that it is fitting for a palace to be palatial. Magnificently rich, undoubtedly, are these deep-set doorways with their Norman mouldings, these fan-ceilings sparkling with gold, these marble columns, tables, fireplaces. The entrance-hall is white and brilliant, profuse in decoration, full, in the English fashion, of comfort as well as splendour. Monsters erect on pedestals hold rings, from which depend the lamps which light up the hall; Gothic heads grin at you from the splendid mantelpiece, carved in marble; there are massive chairs and benches of dark oak; in the windows and ceiling is the gleam of stained glass, richly coloured. Above, at the side, a gallery runs along—a thing always needful to complete the beauty of a hall. Here is also the billiard-room; and here one sees the Mona marble, rough and grey in the outer walls, polished to a rich black in the legs of the billiard-table.

Passing along the echoing hall, and through the deep arch of a doorway—heavily carved with Norman zigzags—you come into the grand dining-room: a grand room, indeed, "whatever hypocrites austere prate of purity of taste and ornament" (as Milton would no doubt have said). Here all is warm and mellow in colour, without being sombre; and the Old Masters on the walls rejoice in the strength and luxury of surroundings which pictures of less vigour could scarcely endure. The ceiling, richly ornamented, is all brown and gold; the walls are of a harmonious brown; and there is a magnificent carved dado, as wealthy in ornament as the fireplace of Mona marble. The door, too, in its shady recess, is finely carved; and the windows are as deep-set as the door.

On the walls—these walls well worthy to bear them—hang pictures by Velasquez, Murillo, Canaletto: here feeling no cold air of the Welsh mountains to waken regret for Venice or Madrid. More in keeping with the country neighbours outside is a vigorous "Old Woman" of Rembrandt; pictures that belong to the story of the place are portraits of the first Lord Penrhyn and of Archbishop Williams; and there is a Vandermeer too fine to go without mention.

The breakfast-room—whose chimney-piece, by-the-bye, is of Penmaen stone, from the great mountain over the way—has many little masterpieces. There is a small Cuypp, very fresh and fine; a little Greuze, delightful—as how could the sweet, sentimental Frenchman be anything else? A Teniers is crowded with energetic and jovial life—villagers putting their whole souls into a dance outside a public-house. A Velasquez portrait is strong; and a picture of himself by Alonzo Cano is full of character and beauty.

Other pictures in the house—to name a few, almost at random—are the portraits of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and other makers of history, which one passes in going upstairs to Lord Penrhyn's private sitting-room; and in the room itself are to be noticed a fine example of the omnipresent Canaletto, a beautiful picture of Amalfi by Stansfield, and a portrait of the late Lord Penrhyn by Professor Herkomer.

(Also in this room is a carved cabinet that really must not be overlooked.)

In the next room, the sitting-room of Lady Penrhyn, there are some good Italian pictures: yet here a little Welsh masterpiece perhaps eclipses them all, simple though it be. This is the outlook from the window upon a quiet bit of lawn, sweet and pleasant in the sunlight: a castle-garden, silent, secluded, and delightful.

In the great Keep are several rooms, all equally beautiful—gorgeous as perhaps one does not imagine rooms in a castle keep: still, very good to look upon, and (from the palatial



THE BARBICAN.

point of view) to live in. The library is very worthy of remark: similar in style to that grand dining-room which we have

seen already, and that grander drawing-room which we are next to see, it is yet given a character of its own by its arches. Without these it had scarcely been a library—it would have ranked among libraries as Lamb counted draught-boards and Adam Smiths among books. For—since the truth has to be told—the books in this room, those inmates which give it its title and its use, are unseen; the bookcases are there, but they have closed doors, and red blinds, and brasswork over the red—all of which is very far from right.

Yet those great arches down the middle of the library—dividing it really into three rooms, or large recesses—do to a certain extent redeem it, you know not why. They have, perhaps, a cloistral character; and looking upon them and this rich brown chamber, and seeing the silent hilltops through the window, you realise, sitting with a big book at the substantial carved table, that this is a certain kind of library, fit (and perhaps most fit) for the reading of certain books. It is, shall we say, a grandiose library: where Beaumont and Fletcher—only to be read in folio, said Lamb—might well be studied; or works on heraldry, such as were the delight of the Baron of Bradwardine; or—and this is, perhaps, the most wholly suitable, could one get it in folio, and could one read it at all—the "History of Sir Charles Grandison."

Conventional, too, are the heavy doors in their arches. Pushing one's way into the drawing-room, one realises that these are about the heaviest private doors by which one is ever likely to be shut in! But this drawing-room is really so fine a thing that it may be supposed to need heavy doors to guard it; it is much too fine for pictures—needing no further ornamentation than its walls of crimson and gold—and, very rightly, none are here. There are clustered pillars, all of brown, to the fan-shaped arches of the ceiling, which glisters with gold. The windows and the three high mirrors are, like the doorways, set in deep recesses, and, like the doorways, rich with Norman ornament of dog-tooth and zigzag. Above the windows glimmers coloured glass. A great marble table stands on



VIEW FROM THE PARK.

serpent-fashioned legs, made of the slate of the country—all the house over we shall see that slate, put sometimes to strange uses. And through the window one has what may be called the ideal drawing-room view—a semicircle of lawn, set in great trees: pastoral, and yet courtly.

From this drawing-room you may step into the little Ebony Room—in the old part of the house, and, with all its richness, of an older and quaint fashion. Here those deep-set mirrors are arched in black; the fireplace is black, and the furniture; the walls are tapestried in shades of brown; the ceiling, heavily embossed and ornamented, is white. The room is long and narrow and rather low, and in it stands, amid old-fashioned furniture, a spinning-wheel; and one cannot but feel that it was in this very chamber and no other that Rumpelstiltskin appeared to the princess.

But here there is no need of fairy story, of any make-belief, to carry you at once to scenes as beautiful as Fairyland. Close

at hand, a long staircase leads to the top of a tower—the lofty Keep—stepping out on to which you shall have four views as splendid as the heart of storyteller could wish. The sides of the tower look pretty nearly north, south, east, and west; and from each point of the compass the view is beautiful, and from each different. I know nothing more delightful than this looking down upon four several landscapes from the four sides of some high place—unless it be the remembering those landscapes in after days!

Look to the north from the keep. At first it makes you giddy to watch the swallows flying below, as they slide swiftly over the grey mass of building—with its large square towers and its little round ones—past the green parkland and away towards the Menai Straits, blue in the sunshine, and flat Anglesey, dark green with its forests, beyond. (This Anglesey that you see to northward is only a part of that sea-girt county, whose mainland lies due west: this is its eastern promontory, a straggling corner with half a dozen villages, five of whose names begin with Llan—Llantlaid, Llandona, Llangod, Llanestyn, and Llanfacs—and are, therefore, unpronounceable to the Saxon.)

Little white sails speckle the surface of the narrow neck of sea. Away to the right, at the end of Anglesey and the Straits, is Puffin Island, looking dull and worthy of its ignoble name on this bright summer day, but in rough winter a place weird and stern, to be called, as of old, Priestholm. Hither came across the water, as to their last refuge, sheltered by the storm, the Druids who had fled to Anglesey before the Roman.

Farther to the right is a stretch of hazy sea, with hardly a sail; and farther yet, a dozen miles or more away, the Great Orme's Head stands out across the water. Nearer by five or six miles is the bolder rock of Penmaenmaur, with something of the true mountain's shape, the couchant lion. Across the near blue sea, faint lines of sand remind you that once upon a time these straits were fordable.

Look to the east, the way that England lies. There is a line of hills, near and far, only to be recognised by the native born, who know where each should lie. As far as the stranger with map and telescope can make out, the high points that one sees far to the south-east should be the twin giants, Carnedd David and Carnedd Llewellyn. The northern end of the line, where it stops abruptly at the sea, is, of course, Penmaenmaur.

These peaks and summits, ridges and slopes, grouped roughly in a kind of chain, close a rich view of park and field, masses of foliage dark against the bright June grass, with white dots for sheep, and black for cattle. A little river runs along, not far away, with foaming lines across its brown water; this is the Ogwen, whose birthplace is in a huge pile of bare rock, called the Trevaen, in the mountains not far away. It has passed through the dark lake, Llyn Ogwen, enclosed in high mountains, and often filled with black clouds; then, joined by a torrent which darts down a rugged cleft from Llyn Idwal, it has raged furiously, "foaming from ledge to ledge," down and down, till it has reached Nant Francon, the glorious valley; from whence it glides quietly along, through the shade of the glen and the sunlight of the park, to its ending in the narrow sea.

A few houses to the left, not far from the broad stretch of sands, are the village of Aber; others, farther on, are the tiny watering-place of Llanfairfechan, almost in danger of becoming fashionable. A country road runs along the seashore; and yet nearer to the water's edge is the railway, with now and then its little white-clouded trains.

Look to the south, over the rich park with its shimmering stream, whose constant rush you hear, and its grand elms and oaks, pyramidal and round, rising from the smooth grass. Houses are dotted about, before the folds of the dark hills; far away there is a fine gorge, and you cannot but wonder whether the summit behind is the misty head of Y Wyddfa—known to the Saxon traveller as Snowdon. Almost due south of the castle, at all events, Snowdon lies, hardly more than ten miles away as the crow flies—which is, unfortunately, not a route that can be adopted by the ordinary traveller.

Nearer are the great slate quarries which have made the wealth of Penrhyn. Climbing the side of Snowdon, one looks back across the steep valley upon a mountain hewn away into vast terraces, alive with tiny figures of men working, resonant now and again with sudden blasts, each followed by its rolling smoke. But these, as you lean over the high parapet of Penrhyn Keep, are to be discerned chiefly by the eye of faith.

Look, therefore, to the west: the nearest, busiest, most varied scene of all. Penmaen and others have lamented the loss of the ancient oaks which, as they say, "embosomed" Penrhyn a century ago; yet the castle now stands out above a mass of trees. Beyond them, and past the round tower below you on your right—there are five round towers and two square ones here, in all—you see one corner of grey Bangor, with its sea-river bright with a flotilla of little boats. Across the straits lead high-road and railroad, bending and crossing each other, over the flat old-world country of Anglesey, to Holyhead on its rocky promontory. The two famous bridges lie behind Bangor, Telford's beautiful suspension-bridge only three miles away.

There is a fascination about looking down upon other people; but it is not a pursuit to be carried on without limitation. So let us turn once more to the steps which led us to our superior station, and descend to see what else is worthiest of note at Penrhyn: the chapel, the grand staircase, a state bed-room or so—and a drinking-horn.

In the chapel are a graceful fan-ceiling, carved in stone: "storied windows, richly light"; fine pews, and some very beautiful ebony chairs, of Indian workmanship. There is an upper dais for the family and for visitors; and it is Lord Penrhyn's custom to read the prayers himself.

Item—the grand staircase, which is very handsome indeed. Looking down into its square well, one sees a mass of Norman ornament; each column of grey stone has twelve shafts, all of them Norman in design, yet all different. On the wall are beautiful interlacing arches, carved in this same stone, which is brought from the neighbourhood of St. Helens.

Here is grey stone in the staircase, grey marble in the castle walls, grey slate in—of all places—the beds. There are two bedsteads at Penrhyn made of dark polished slate; very handsome and stately they are, and, as one is assured, by no means so cold as they look. In the chief state bed-room, however, the bedstead is of more ordinary material—it is a very magnificent and impressive four-poster of wood, with deep canopy, all richly carved, and with rich blue hangings. The room is correspondingly magnificent, with the usual Norman doorways and marble mantelpiece of Penrhyn, and a notable cornice and ceiling. Also it possesses a grand old carved wardrobe.



PENRHYN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LORD PENRHYN.



BACK VIEW, FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

But the one famous heirloom of Penrhyn is more characteristic of Wales even, one may say, than a slate bedstead; for it is a *Hirlas*—an ancient drinking-horn—once actually owned and used by Piers Griffith, the pirate, and his father, Sir Rhys, before him. Their initials are still to be seen upon the hirlas, which is the veritable horn of an ox, 21½ in. long, with the ends—which are tipped with “sculptured silver”—respectively 2½ in., and 5-6 in. in width. This horn, if you had the honour to drink from it, you were expected to empty at a draught, blowing a blast when you had finished, to prove that—in the words of the conjuror—“there was no deception.” This particular hirlas, however, is said to hold only about half a pint, so that, even for the degenerate drinkers of to-day, the feat is not impossible. The horn was found, now a very long while ago, in removing some rubbish which was near the tower of the old house.

So much for Penrhyn within doors; without, the most interesting buildings are, of course, the stables. These are very large and famous, and—like those bedsteads—are mainly of slate. Here are beautiful thoroughbreds in their stalls. It is well known that Lord Penrhyn takes a great interest in the Turf; but it should be better known that he allows all the farmers of the neighbourhood to cross their Welsh ponies with his thoroughbreds. Little horses thus obtained are almost unequalled for speed and endurance, and it is a convincing proof of the conservatism of humanity that the farmers aforesaid do not to any great extent avail themselves of this privilege.

Wandering through the stables and paddocks we come once more into the open park, and so turn to the nearest way into Bangor. This is through a square entrance-tower, by which lies the little port, full of life and business, with its railway and harbour, its steam of trains and noise of boats; and, only on the other side of a low stone bridge, a lovely, silent little lake, solemn, shining, surrounded by dark trees, and overhung by a high shadowy mountain-top.

EDWARD ROSE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

I don't know whether Mr. Bailey Saunders seriously intended to present to us in “The Art of Literature” (Swan Sonnenschein) the seamy side of the grim philosopher from whose essays this work is translated; but if anybody wants to study Schopenhauer in his least amiable moments, I can certify that this little book has no lack of material. “The Art of Literature,” indeed, is a kind of prose “Dunciad,” in which, without enumerating the “hundred miserable dunces” who happened to be his contemporaries, Schopenhauer made war on every author who had incurred his resentment. Many of the personal allusions are obscure enough, but you feel as if you were walking in a disused and neglected graveyard, and that at every step you are treading on dead men's bones. There is scarcely a sentence which does not spring from some memory of injury. Criticism in Schopenhauer's day seems to have been “anonymous rascality.” Theories were chiefly expounded by “blockheads.” The merits of a great genius were obscured by a multitude of bad books, and there was no literary journal to perform the necessary task of keeping down the craving for writing and putting a check upon the deception of the public. The anonymous rascals added civility to their other crimes; but to a philosopher it was clear that “politeness which has its source in social relations is in literature an alien, and often injurious, element.”

It must be allowed that Schopenhauer did his best to combat this particular evil. “Stupid, brainless people,” he said, “swarm in society,” and it is necessary to treat them with toleration, but in literature they must be branded as “impudent intruders.” It may be well enough to pass the time of day when you meet Brown at the club; but when you take his last philosophical treatise in hand for review in the *National Flayer*, you must tell him that “his empty head tries to come to the assistance of his empty purse.” For it is only too probable that Brown wants to make a little money by his philosophy; and this is perfectly monstrous when you reflect that “every author degenerates as soon as he begins to put pen to paper in any way for the sake of gain.” True, there is reason to suspect that Shakspeare was not quite guiltless of this enormity. There is the awkward fact that he prospered at the Globe, and it cannot be denied that he retired from business at an absurdly early age. But it is easy to see that Brown is not Shakspeare; and, as you have reason to suspect that his publishers pay him more than yours are likely to pay you, it is manifestly your duty to declare that “a man who is in want sits down and writes a book, and the public is stupid enough to buy it.”

Brown, however, is not the worst offender. There is a class of writers who “make their whole living by that foolish mania of the public for reading nothing but what has just been printed—journalists, I mean. Truly, a most appropriate name. In plain language, it is *journeymen, day-labourers*!” You know these degraded fellows. They break stones by the wayside of letters, and occasionally fling the proverbial half-brick at the philosophic stranger. And the newspaper! What is it but “the second-hand in the clock of history—made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour—but it seldom goes right”? You may remark that when the second-hand goes wrong, the minute and the hour are likely to get out of order. But you must not expect accuracy from a philosopher's metaphors, or complain if they get somewhat mixed. For while the newspaper is “the second-hand in the clock,” “the journalists are like little dogs; if anything stirs, they immediately set up a shrill bark.” Moreover, they are not only “dogs,” but “trumpets,” and the “second-hand” is “at best but a magnifying-glass, and very often merely a shadow on the wall.” This is rather a bewildering variety of forms, even for so Protean a personage as the journalist, but I must remind you that, as Aristotle observed, the power of metaphor “is a gift which cannot be acquired, and is a mark of genius.” That is why a philosopher compares your author who never thinks till he comes to write to a sportsman who goes out at random and brings nothing home, whereas the really great author is the sportsman who indulges in the *battue*. The game cannot possibly escape him; he has nothing to do but aim and fire. A perverse instinct may prompt you to suggest that such a man is no sportsman at all, but an indolent trifler whose game is collected for slaughter by the keepers. That spirit of criticism exposes you to the peril of being classed among the “anonymous rascals.”

There is, I believe, a pestilent heresy abroad that nothing becomes a genius so much as modesty. If you read the ordinary biographies of great writers you find that quite an absurd stress is laid upon their unassuming manners and their

occasional affability. Some people take a delight in collecting stories of a distinguished author's vanity, as if these tended to drag him down to the common level. For such a man to think no small beer of himself, and an extremely indifferent brew of other writers, is supposed to be a blot on his reputation. But what says the philosopher about modesty? “No one becomes great without arrogance.” Men of genius are “generally unsociable and repellent,” because they are like “a man who goes for a walk on a bright summer morning,” and can “find no society but the peasants as they bend over the earth and cultivate the soil.” How can he exchange ideas with such persons? How can they appreciate his sentiments about the weather? Is it probable that they have about them “a complete and definite system of metaphysics,” without which a man's normal intelligence is no better than a brute's? Now you understand, I fancy, that to expect a philosopher to be courteous, to forget his personal animosities, to allow that other authors may be slightly better than idiots, to employ metaphors which do not stand on their heads, and to write about literature in the real spirit of letters, is to show that you do not appreciate the intellectual and moral blessings which a system of metaphysics confers on its inventor and patentee.

If, in spite of this dose of Schopenhauer, you have still a relish for metaphysics, you may try the mixture prepared by Mr. Bernard Shaw in “The Quintessence of Ibsenism” (Walter Scott). Mr. Shaw, unlike Schopenhauer, sets so high a value upon modesty that he describes as Ibsenism what is really a quintessence of himself. I should advise you to take this in small quantities, for if it is swallowed all at once you will find yourself light-headed, and disposed to ask the nearest policeman whether he dares to assume that you regard the whole social system with anything but contempt. You will also be tempted to take perfect strangers—ladies for choice—aside, and put to them such a proposition as this: “If Something is proved to be bad and inconsistent with the Will, why not abolish it and establish Nothing?” Or this: “If I will to live on vegetables, what is the scientific basis of a bias towards chops?” But if you take “The Quintessence of Shaw” in pillules you will have an agreeable sense of a quaint and stimulating personality. You will mix a good strong tumbler of metaphor (without sugar), and presently perceive Mr. Shaw dashing across country on a barebacked paradox, clearing every obstacle—law, custom, morals—with the greatest ease. And then you will pass, without the smallest effort, into a totally different atmosphere, in which you will settle down tranquilly, forgetful of quintessences and revolutions and topsy-turvy, to read “Some Emotions and a Moral,” by Mr. John Oliver Hobbes (T. Fisher Unwin). You will be greatly taken by the fresh and delightful humour of the story, mildly wondering whether the wholly unnecessary suicide of a young man because a young lady is quite unexpectedly anxious to elope with him is the “Moral”; and then, I think, you will go to bed.

L. F. A.

A little book is about to appear which will do for the Somersetshire poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge what Professor Knight has done for Wordsworth's Lake poems—a new and enlarged edition of the late Rev. W. L. Nichols's “The Quantocks and their Associations.” The substance of the first issue of the pamphlet, which was printed for private circulation, was a paper read by Mr. Nichols, some twenty years ago, before the Bath Literary Club; but he subsequently gathered many additional notes, and shortly before his death prepared the new edition which his brother will publish through Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. It will be illustrated by a variety of local views, including one of that famous waterfall by which Wordsworth sat as he composed the “Lines written in early Spring,” and which sings through much that both Wordsworth and Coleridge wrote in their *annus mirabilis*, 1797-8.

The Browning Society will this winter hold its last session, and its epitaph has been written by an unmistakable hand in the tenth annual report just circulated: “The existence of the society brought the poet not only praise, but ‘cheques,’ as he often acknowledged; it both increased his reputation and his power of influencing his generation. His death and the consequent outburst of laudation from all sides carried his name and fame over the whole world, and left no more work of popularisation for the society to do. . . . The committee now feel that the society may well draw to a close.” A wise resolve, which would have been still wiser had it been come to earlier.

One of the most interesting books to be published this autumn will be “Gossip of the Century,” by the author of “Flemish Interiors,” “De Omnibus Rebus,” &c., which Messrs. Ward and Downey are to bring out in two volumes. The work will be found to teem with amusing and hitherto unpublished anecdotes about almost every famous personality in European politics, literature, and the drama of the last fifty years.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- “The Scapegoat.” A Romance by Hall Caine. Two vols. (W. Heinemann.)
- “The Blue Poetry Book,” edited by Andrew Lang, with numerous illustrations. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
- “Celtic Fairy Tales,” edited by Joseph Jacobs; illustrated by J. D. Batten. (David Nutt.)
- “A Popular History of Music,” by F. Weber. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)
- “The World of Adventure, a Collection of Stirring Scenes and Incidents.” Illustrated. (Cassell and Co.)
- “Rivers of Great Britain: The Thames, from Source to Sea, Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial.” (Cassell and Co.)
- “Aldine Edition of the British Poets: Spenser's Works,” edited by J. Payne Collier. Five vols. (George Bell and Sons.)
- “The Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,” with Memoir by James P. Browne, M.D. (Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.)
- “Dorothy Dymoke, a Story of the Pilgrimage of Grace, 1536,” by Edward Gilliatt. M.A. “To the West,” by George Manville Fenn. “The Ice Prison,” by F. Frankfort Moore. “Jan,” by Mrs. Newman. “Ten-minute Tales for Every Sunday,” by Frances Harriett Wood. “A High Resolve,” by Cecilia S. Lowndes. “Capital, Labour, Trade, and the Outlook,” by Margaret Benson. “Palestine Illustrated,” views by F. Thévoz and Co., in photogravure. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)
- “Red Letter Stories: The Odd Number Thirteen.” Tales by Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Jonathan Sturges, with Introduction by Henry James. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- “Delicate Dining,” by Theodore Child. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- “Kilcarra, a Novel,” by Alexander Innes Shand. Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
- “Peggy's Perversity,” by Mrs. Conney. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- “Unless!” by Randolph Haines. One vol. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

A NEWMARKET RACING ESTABLISHMENT.

About half a mile from the “Severals” at Newmarket, and prominent on the Exning Road, stand the Falmouth House stables, the talk of the town since the famous Common has stood there, and always the pride of Mr. Henry Peck and of his father, Mr. Robert. It is admitted by Mr. John Blundell Maple that these stables have cost him £10,000. In all the country—one might safely say throughout the world—there are no stables like to these; none where every detail of sanitation and of ventilation, where every need that the most scrupulous trainer could put forward, where every requirement of stablemen and of stable-boys has been so amply considered and so unstintingly provided for. Built of bright red brick, and with an unusually extensive frontage, one finds the interior of these boxes, where there is accommodation for thirty-five thoroughbreds, as well as hacks, built up after those methods which Mr. John Day has so long advocated, and which illustrate very forcibly the methods and the ideas of the new school of trainers. Any box, ill ventilated, ill drained, with little light and less cubic area, will not now suffice for those colts which cost many thousands, and whose earnings must be reckoned by tens of thousands. By the new teaching, the horse is guarded as the human being; his home is made no less a place of sweetness and of light. It is recognised that he too may become a victim to foul air and to foul odours; that he is the better able to stand long weeks of preparation, the better able to guard against the ills which horse-flesh is heir to, if his house be first set in order and the same care be taken of his well-being at home as is taken of those under the charge of Boards of Health and of medical officers.

Nowhere is this system better illustrated than at the Falmouth House stables. There the stalls are lined with pitch pine, their floors are of granite concrete, there are no drains in the stalls themselves; the mangers are of earthenware, the ceilings are fireproof, and there is both artificial and natural ventilation of an ample and excellent kind. More than this, at the extreme ends of the long row of buildings one sees the care which has been taken of those in whose charge they are. The head man has his rooms at one extremity, the boys have their recreation-rooms, their baths, and their lavatories at the other extremity. Over the stalls themselves are the lofts and the men's rooms. The whole is a little colony, living for one end, thinking of one object, regarding the national sport as a part of the national life, bound together by the patriotism of the Turf, contented, hard-working, straightforward, and possessing much knowledge of the sharp side of life.

The career of Mr. John Blundell Maple, son of the founder of a great London business concern, educated at King's College, London, elected M.P. for Camberwell in 1887, and now forty-six years of age, has been distinguished by a predilection for the favourite pursuits of the English country gentleman. The purchase of Common for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, the highest price ever paid for a three-year-old, has caused his assumed name on the turf to be thrown aside, and the once moderately ambitious “Mr. Childwick” has become a very beacon-light of sporting patriotism and national pre-eminence. “England needs the service of Common, money will not tempt me.” Such was the pardonable boast with which the proud purchaser of the beautiful black-brown three-year-old defied those of Austria. Nor does he disguise that his outlay is as much a matter of business as of anything else. Common at the stud will have earned his price in three years; the horse is insured to his full value; there is no possibility of the bargain proving a bad one. And so this beautiful animal has gone to the stud farm at Childwickbury, and is already fond of his master's sugar, and is as docile as a child, and promises to become the father of such a family as only has been rivalled by that of the mighty Hermit. For Hermit went to the stud as a four-year-old, as Common is going, and since the brood mares at Childwickbury are those which have never been overtaken in any succession of hard races, and as such as these have ever been the mothers of the finest colts of the century, it cannot be said that the promises of performance are likely to become the failures of achievement. From Common should come a grand stock, and this stock should, as Mr. Maple hopes, do not a little to maintain the renown of the English thoroughbred, and of the patience and enterprise of those who have reared him.

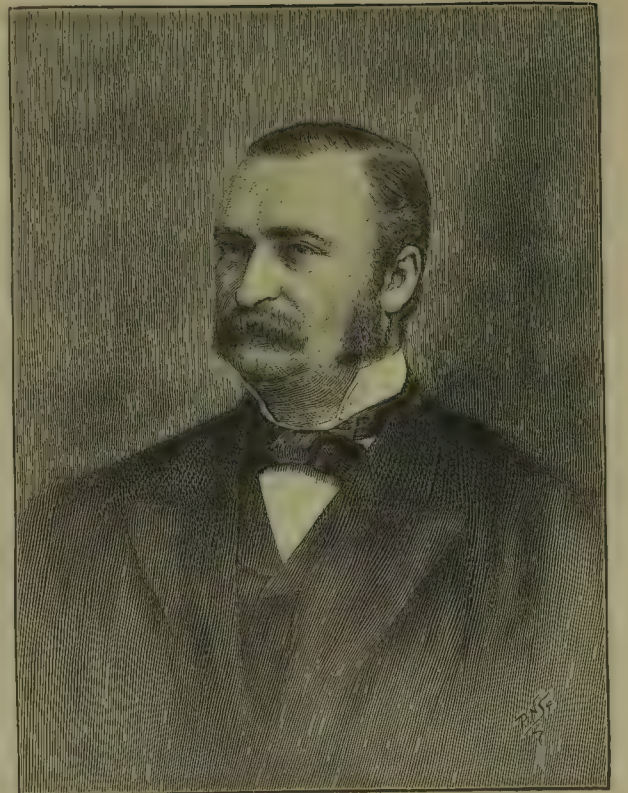
It is generally known, we think, that the life of a racehorse begins at the stud farm, and, although Mr. Maple has his own gallop near the Limekilns at Newmarket, he yet allows his colts to do work at Childwickbury, St. Albans. To this end he has taken enormous care, and spent many thousands of pounds, that his pastures about the farm may be as fine as any pastures in the kingdom. Large herds of Scotch cattle are constantly grazing in those fields where the colts are to graze, and thus are sweetening the grass. Lime is thrown down, that the animals shall have a sufficiency of bone-forming matter in their food; ventilation and sanitation are cared for as at Newmarket, and there is even a greater range of stabling, since forty-five brood mares stand there, as well as such colts as Florence II., Prince Hampton, and Harpenden. These must now bow to the claims of Common and of Childwick, and those great horses should be the glory of the stables for many years yet to come. Of the latter horse it is sufficient to say that he is a yearling, the son of St. Simon out of Plaisanterie, who won both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and that his owner paid 6000 guineas for him. The colt is a long, beautifully formed brown, with plenty of bone, and he inherits much of his father's character. He has a very docile temper; and both Mr. Maple and Sir Tatton Sykes—who bred the horse—have every confidence in him, since he is entered for every important race both as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old.

Of Common much has been said, but this much may be added. The grand horse, who, with West Australian, Lord Lyons, Gladiator, and Ormonde, shares the honours of having won the three classic races of the racing year, stands sixteen hands high, and is in colour a beautiful brown. He never ran as a two-year-old, but this year he has run five times, being successful on four occasions, and suffering defeat at Ascot by one of those odd chances which occur in the life of every horse. Having won the St. Leger, Mr. Maple offered fifteen thousand pounds for him, and was immediately offered twenty thousand pounds to forego his bargain, which sum he refused, holding that the son of Isonomy out of Thistle by Scottish Chief would prove the finest purchase he had ever made or was likely to make, and in this the majority of sporting men hold that he is right.

MAX PEMBERTON.



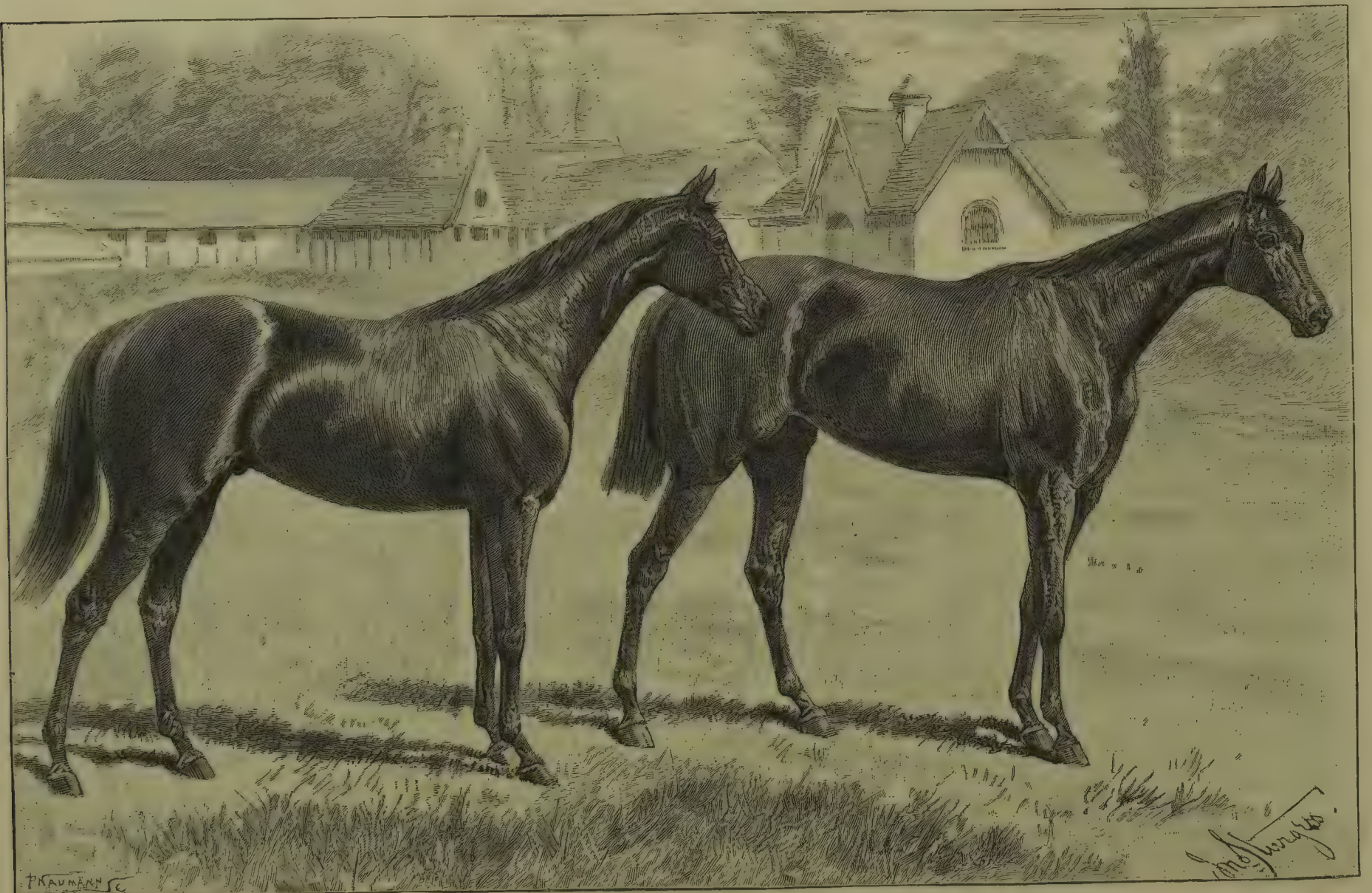
FALMOUTH HOUSE, NEWMARKET.



MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P.



THE FALMOUTH HOUSE STABLES.



CHILDWICK.

RACE-HORSES OWNED BY MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE.

COMMON.

A NEWMARKET RACING ESTABLISHMENT.



FREE EDUCATION: LEFT IN CHARGE.

SCIENCE AS DREAM-DISPELLER.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Last week we had something to say about Science as Devas-tator. About the same time the President of the Folklore Congress was preparing an address wherein we find some passages that reinspire other doubts about Science. After speaking of "the dark backward and abysm of time when to man the whole world seemed peopled with personal agencies, ghosts, fairies, hill-spirits, river-spirits," Mr. Andrew Lang said: "A painful life it seems to some of us, in which any old woman or medicine-man might blast the crops, 'cause tempest, inflict ill-luck, could turn you into a rabbit or a rook; when any stone or stick might be the home of a beneficent or malignant spirit. And yet, without it, where would our poetry be, our Greek legends, our fairy tales? Had the pagan not been nurtured in that creed outworn, we could not have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. The stars, but for the ignorant confusions of our fathers, might be masses of incandescent gas, or whatever they are, but they could not have been named with the names of Ariadne and Cassiopeia, nor should we have known the rainy Hyades and the sweet influences of the Pleiades. Ignorance, false analogy, fear were the origin of that poetry in which we have the happier part of our being. Say the sun is incandescent gas, and you help us little with your sane knowledge. Great are the gains of ignorance and of untutored conjecture. Had mankind always been a thing of School Boards and primers, we could not even divert a child with Red Riding-Hood and the Sleeping Beauty and Hop-o'-my-Thumb. We should look on the rainbow, and be ignorant of Iris the messenger and the Bow of the Covenant set in the heavens."

Now here, as it seems to me, the highest wisdom speaks, in language worthy of it. Another sort of wisdom, to which eloquence is unnatural and unfit, will smile at such language as merely rhapsodical. This is the wisdom of minds that are free from mists, know nothing of cloudland, and are therefore as clear and bare and barren under their deposit of facts as Arabia the Stony. True, even among minds which are not completely denuded of the old growth of romance, nothing is taught more positively than that there should be no illusions, no superstitions, no glamour upon any fact. This we all say when we are put to it, partly because it is a doctrine that does appear to offer the safest anchorage for mankind in general, and partly because of a certain cowardly shyness of declaring doubts offensive to the spirit of a scientific age. There should be no superstitions, no illusions; everything that they have been allowed to encompass should be stripped of them to the bone; and yet, while we bandy agreement on that point between each other, there is something in the mind of each of us—something akin to conscience—that demurs, saying: "Better were it not so, however." This second conscience, this whisperer of thoughts that Reason has some difficulty in affirming, is what spoke when Mr. Lang talked of the fiction "that makes the happier part of our being," and it is this that responds to him with a Yea too strong for Reason to suppress.

And yet I have known—but perhaps I may venture on the story at length. Many years ago I had the pleasure of spending a few days in a country house set in a little park beautifully wild, and with two or three gentle and beautiful children among its inhabitants. It was summer, and, going out one morning early for a ramble, I was presently lost in a lovely little dell. Deep, irregular, studded with birch and thorn, it was profusely decked with gorse and bramble and fresh-springing fern, and, above all, with a lake of wild hyacinths, the tallest and the bluest that ever were seen. As I paused to look about me in this pretty scene, I was discovered by the children, who came bounding down; but, seeing me intent, they became cautious and inquiring immediately. "What is it?" said a little voice, in the tone of one who apprehends a mystery. This gave me my cue; so as the girl stole to one side and the boy to the other, "Yes," said I, "it is just such a place as they would visit! And there was a moon last night. Just such a place!" And so I went on, murmuring and peering about. "What? what? Who, who?" from the little voices. "Why, Oberon, Titania, and their fairy Court! Yes, now I see!" and with that made for a tiny clear space of sward, expecting that the children would enter at once into the make-believe. I was much disconcerted when they came slowly after me in a puzzled mood, with "Who is Titania? What are fairies?" What are fairies! Surprise was instantly banished by a rushing desire to make the most of such an unequalled chance of opening the doors of fairyland, which was done amid a world of wonder; and soon we were all three marking where Oberon must have thrown himself down to rest, or where Titania's foot had bent some flowering weed. Such excitement there was, and who more glorious than the cause of it all? When it was late for breakfast, in we went. Racing ahead, the children burst in upon mamma through an open French window, their breathless voices shouting, "Oh, mamma, mamma! we've seen the fairy dance! And Titania and Oberon! And oh, mamma, mamma——!" In the midst of the clamour I came up, to be clothed with confusion by one reproving glance from the lady's eyes. And as soon as the children had gone from the room (not so wildly as they had entered it) this is what I heard: "I don't thank you. Of course, you did not know; but here have I been striving most carefully from the day they were born to keep all such wondering debilitating superstitions nonsense out of my children's heads, and you have undone everything in a moment!"

There are not many intellects so convinced as this thoughtful mother's; but whenever I reflect upon the starved imagination of her little ones speculation travels farther. The question will arise, What sort of a mankind shall we be when the discovery, and the precept, and the ridicule of Science have withered capacity for belief in things that ascertainment does not verify and that Reason will not answer for? There are some small winged creatures of extraordinary brain-power which, after fluttering about in the world for a while (no doubt in a great deal of wonder), bite off their pinions, and thenceforward creep among substantialities alone. That, perhaps, is to be our line of development; but, if so, I shall maintain that the earlier stage is the happier, and that the happier is the better. For one thing (and that is enough), with the biting off of the wings away goes religious belief; and whether religious belief be an inspiration of truth untestable, or whether it be no more than a parcel of such stuff as fairy tales are made of, there is no stay and solace like it in the world. If true, it is truth so precious that all the observatories and laboratories brag of revealing is no more, compared with it, than the dreams that beguile a weary road. If false, it is at least no false comfort and no deceiving stay; and it does not end till all ends.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H M P (Clifton).—Our "usual courtesy" finds itself somewhat strained by such a letter as your last. To define "in due course" might not prove complimentary to your problem.

C C MAXWELL (Dundee).—The position is too elementary to be of use.

D E H NOYES (Cheltenham).—We shall give your problem our favourable consideration. Its first impressions are good.

J W. —Will you send Dolomsky's problem on a diagram? We think something must be omitted from your letter.

Dr A R V SASTRY (Tanjur).—We cannot accept problems without solutions. Kindly send yours, and the problems shall be examined.

MRS KELLY (of Kelly).—You are not the only good solver puzzled by Mr. Loyd's position.

R J MARSDEN.—Your letter arrived too late for an anticipatory notice of your concert, but we have done what you ask otherwise.

A O (Woolcombe).—If Q to R 6th, Black replies with P to Q R 5th, &c.

G S (Durham).—Can you show the difficulty is not impossible? The point you must consider is the position of Black's K P and K Kt P. The other matter mentioned is well known.

A E STUDD (Suffolk).—Your letter pays a high compliment to the excellence of Mr. Loyd's puzzle, and we are sure you will still more appreciate it when you see the solution. We should be very pleased to solve your problems.

T GUEST (Smeethwick).—You are determined to "cook" No. 2484, but we have already pointed out 1. B to R 6th will not do for the first move. Mr. Loyd's position is correct.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2472 and 2473 received from F A Hill (St. Paul, Minn.); of No. 2475 from W L Tucker, T T Blythe (Stretford), Rev. Wingfield Cooper, T Guest, and Annie L Beales; of No. 2476 from Julia Short (Exeter), E Bygott, Rev. Wingfield Cooper, A S (The Hague), A Gwinner, Putzwarine, J D Tucker (Leeds), W R Rallien, Joseph T Pullen (Launceston), T G and P H Guest, G M O, Charles Burnett, and Captain J A Challice.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2477 received from T G and F H Guest, W R Rallien, J D Tucker (Leeds), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), G Joyce, E Louden, Admiral Brandreth, A Newman, Howick, Alpha, T Roberts, D McCoy (Galway), Julia Short (Exeter), R H Brooks, L Desanges (Bellagio), J Coad, Dr F St. Charles Burnett, J F Moon, H S Brandreth, Martin F, Dane John, R Winters (Canterbury), B D Kues, W Wright, Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, M Burke, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento (Dawlish), E E H, and F L Hooper.

SOLUTION OF MR. LOYD'S PUZZLE.—White's last move was the result of play of which the traces have been completely obliterated. To find out what they were, we must place the B Q at B 2nd, a B P at B 5th, a W P at K Kt 2nd, and the W K at K B 3rd. The play then proceeded, Q to R 4th (ch), P to Kt 4th, P takes P en passant (dis double ch), K takes P (dis ch), and the position on the diagram is brought about. The reason why it is impossible for a W P to be at R 7th, or capture a piece from Kt 7th, is that all Black's losses must then have been brought about by White Pawns, whereas the position of Black's Pawns at K 2nd and B 2nd shows the disappearance of Black's K B was brought about not by a White Pawn, but a White piece.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2475.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

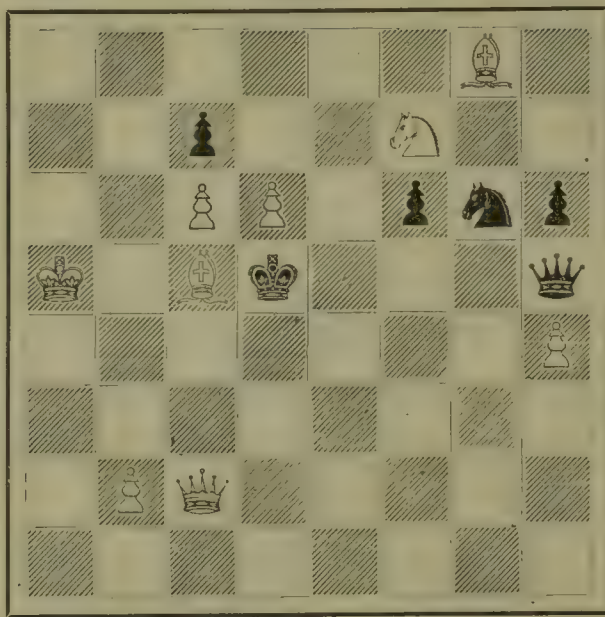
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 6th. K to Q 4th
2. Kt (B 7th) to B 5th. K to B 5th
3. Q to K 4th. Mate.

If Black play 1. P to K 3rd; 2. P to Q 3rd, P or K; 3. Q mates. If 1. P to B 6th; 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2479.

By W. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

The following game was played recently at Purcell's between a leading Oxford amateur and an Indian gentleman.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. O.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	K Kt to B 3rd	14. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to K 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to K 4th	15. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to K 4th
3. P to Q 4th		16. P to K B 4th	

We prefer P to K B 4th to this move.

3. Q takes P	P takes P	16. P to K 4th, then Kt to Kt 5th; 17. P to Kt 4th, &c. The following is a probable continuation if White should play: 18. Q takes P, P takes P; 19. Q to R 5th (ch), K to Q 2nd; 20. Q takes Kt P, P takes P, &c.
4. Q takes P	Q Kt to B 3rd	16. B to B 4th (ch)
5. Q to Q sq	B to Kt 5th	Kt takes B
6. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd	17. K to R sq
7. B to K Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	Preferable, we believe, to Kt to Kt 5th.
8. Q to K 2nd	P takes P	18. P takes Kt
9. B takes Kt	Q takes B	B to Q 2nd
10. Q takes P (ch)	B to K 3rd	19. Q to B 4th
11. K Kt to K 2nd	Castles (Q R)	B to B 3rd (ch)
12. Castles (K R)	K R to K sq	R takes P
13. Q to K B 4th	B to Q 3rd	20. Kt to B 4th
14. Q to Q R 4th		

This was not well advised. White's previous move was played presumably to exchange Queens, and he ought to have done so while he could. Black would have a good attack in any case.

After this, White cannot save the game.

21. Q takes B R takes Kt
22. Q to B 4th (ch) K to Kt sq
White resigns.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another amateur.

(King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. —.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. —.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt to K B 3rd	Castles (Q R)
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	14. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to K Kt 3rd
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Q to R 3rd	K to Kt sq
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	16. B to B 2nd	P to Kt 5th
5. K to B sq	P to K Kt 4th	17. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	18. Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P
7. B to Q 2nd		19. B takes Kt	

White's mode of development leaves him with an inferior game. His best continuation is probably 7. Kt to K B 3rd, Q to R 4th; 8. P to K 4th, P to Kt 3rd; 9. Q to Q 3rd, &c.

7. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	19. P takes P	P takes B
8. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. P takes P	Q takes Q P
9. B to K sq	Q to Kt 5th	21. R to Q sq	K R to K sq
10. B to K 2nd	Q to K 4th	22. Kt takes P	K takes Kt
11. B to K 2nd	B takes B (ch)	23. Q to K Kt 3rd	Q to B 5th (ch)
12. Q Kt takes B	Kt to Q 2nd		

White resigns.

The Metropolitan Chess Club, which has just moved into its new and commodious premises at the Bay Tree Restaurant, St. Swithin's Lane, inaugurated the season's campaign with an excellent smoking concert on Wednesday evening, Oct. 7. The programme was in all respects a credit to the club, and proved how energetic its management must be to attempt such an undertaking. The chess fixtures for the season include three matches with first-class clubs and nine with second-class, and some simultaneous displays by leading London amateurs. Altogether the club may be congratulated on its rising success.

For the "Chessplayers' Annual and Club Directory, 1892," the authors, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 10, Victoria Terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, invite the following particulars of chess clubs: Town, club name, year established, place of meeting, days, hours, number of members, annual subscription, laws, president, hon. secretary's name and address. The work will be a ready book of reference on almost all subjects of interest to chessplayers, and will be published by the authors, price 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

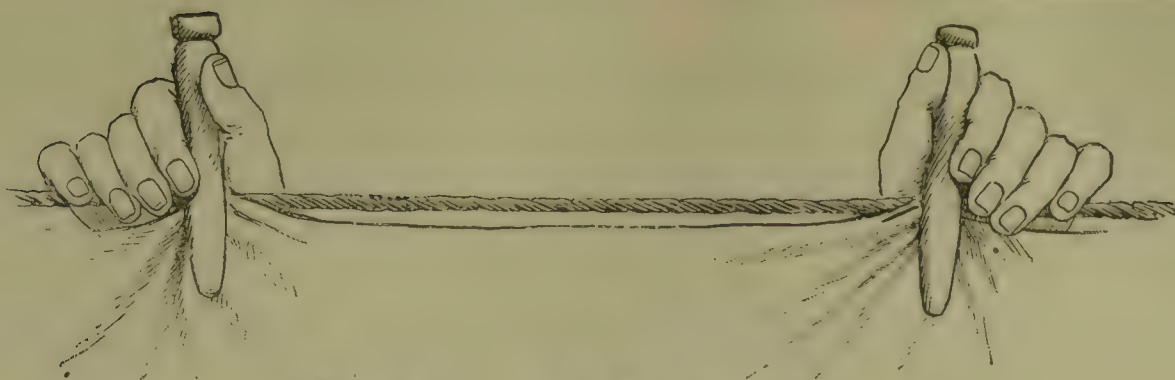
The duty of "making rain" when it was needed for their crops has long been associated with the priests and magicians of savage tribes. By various devices, of course, the deities believed to regulate the local meteorology are encouraged to pour forth on the thirsty earth the grateful showers. If the physical circumstances happen to be favourable at the time of incantations, the rain of course descends; but the ingenuity of the rain-maker is doubtless equal to the task of accounting for the absence of the wished-for showers in the event of his non-success. It is somewhat strange to find the savage idea of rain-making at will transported into the civilised life and science of our own day. In Texas, as doubtless many of my readers may have noted, rain-making experiments have of late been much in evidence. We are reminded, however, that the idea of rain-making is by no means a very novel or recent one, when all is said and done. Most readers are aware of the popular belief that after cannon-firing rain is likely to descend. The clouds are broken up, it is supposed, by the movements of the air due to the explosions, and the globules of water thus made to run together, as it were, from the rain. It was even asserted that at Waterloo and at other battles the cannonading produced torrents of rain, and a contemporary reminds us of the French village custom of firing a cannon at the clouds to dissolve them; and thus produce rain to water the land.

These theories of the production of rain, however, will not stand the test of scientific examination. In the first place, it is not the case that cannonading possesses the power and property of breaking clouds, according to the popular belief. The air compression produced by the explosion causes a temporary heating in an atmospheric wave which travels at a rate calculated to be about 1000 ft. per second; but this is all, and such heat and motion cannot have any effect in inducing condensation of the vapour in the air. As regards the lightning-flash and the thunderclap which are followed by the rain, these phenomena are to be explained in a contrary way, the raindrops being the cause and not the effect of the thunder explosion. In Texas the experiments made consisted in the explosion of oxyhydrogen balloons and dynamite. The balloon was exploded by electricity in the air at a height of a mile and a quarter; kites with dynamite attached were sent up thereafter and exploded; while powder-charges were also duly let off. Prior to one experiment no appearance of rain was seen, though it is not recorded that the state of the barometer was watched. The result, however, was that heavy rain descended after the explosions, and continued for about four hours and a half. In another case, similar experiments were made with balloons and cannonading at night, the sky being clear. At 11 o'clock the experimenters retired, and at 3 a.m. the rain began, and continued till 8 a.m. This latter account, I think, rather fails to convince one that the cannonading stood to the rain as cause to effect. From 10.30 p.m. till 3 a.m. is rather a long interval to have to take into account, considering the complexity of atmospheric conditions and the liability to sudden meteorological change which undoubtedly exists.

That which produces rainfall, as has been pointed out, is the maintenance of a decided upward motion in the air; and of course it may be possible to conceive of rain-making as the effect of heated gas or vapour, generated in large amount (as in the Texas experiments) and producing ascending movements in the atmosphere. Only, we have the general state of the atmosphere to reckon with, and, failing what one may call a predisposition to rain-formation, it is improbable that cannonading of any kind can be regarded as likely to be uniformly successful in producing the wished-for showers. What meteorologists seem to complain of is that the Texas experiments were not carried out with that exact attention to scientific data which is desirable in the eyes of physicists hoping for exact information. All the same, it seems important that we should know more about the possibility (if such exists) of making rain at will, though my readers may remind me that, in this country at least, we have little or no practical reason to institute any such experimentation in the way of rain-production.

It is not always a safe matter to found one's criticisms of other people's opinions on the generalised reports of these opinions to be found in the newspapers. But unless Mr. Hannay, one of the London police magistrates, has been very grievously misreported, it seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is highly desirable the learned gentleman should undergo a course of instruction in sanitary science. In making an order for the necessary repairs required by a house in a grievous state of insanitation, Mr. Hannay is reported to have said that during his experience of thirty years he had come to have very little belief in sanitary science. Furthermore, when he had to deal with people living in insanitary houses, they seemed to him to be the healthiest persons in court. Now, either Mr. Hannay's court is accustomed to contain very unhealthy-looking people (which is not probable) or the worthy magistrate has forgotten that even in unhealthy districts there must be survivors; these survivors appearing as the saved from a whole mass who have gone under in the struggle for existence with bad drains, unhealthy trades, ill-ventilated rooms, overcrowded dwellings, and the thousand other states which make up the life-conditions of the slums. In any case, I venture to say Mr. Hannay's remarks, as reported, were unwise, and they were injudicious coming from a magistrate who, among other things, has the duty of protecting the public health. Above all, they were incorrect; for it is not the case that the denizens of insanitary houses are, or look, healthier than their neighbours who live under sanitary conditions.

Every health-officer will tell us that one of his hardest tasks is to get people to appreciate that his labours and duties are those of preventing disease by abolishing the causes of ill-health, and of prolonging life to limits not usually attained as things are by rich and poor alike. What is to be desired is the real awakening of public sympathy with all the work of health-officers in procuring sanitary houses for the masses, in restricting the spread of infectious diseases, in instituting pure water supplies, and in carrying out other reforms demanded by sanitarians. These measures surely have the sympathy of every rational-minded being, and therefore I repeat it is not at all encouraging to those who spend their lives in promoting sanitation to hear their labours about the cobbler and his last is not by any means one to be neglected, and I trust it will be long before we again hear from the Bench opinions which are so foreign to the spirit of social progress, and to the welfare especially of the poor and needy. The slum-landlords should vote to Mr. Hannay a special meed of thanks.



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REPAIRS and REMODELING OF FAMILY JEWELS.—The Goldsmiths' Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Goldsmiths' Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced.

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' Company regret to find that some of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

WATCHES.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers, at very moderate prices.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment, suitable for travelling or for the dining-room, drawing-room, &c., from 20s. to £100.



Fine Gold and Pearl Horseshoe Brooch, £1 15s.

Illustrated Catalogue
Post Free.



Fine Diamond 5-stone Half-Hoop Rings, from £15 to £200.



Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant, £10.



Fine Pearl Double Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Rose Diamond Brooch, £5.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock in London.

THE TIMES.—"The Goldsmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the moderate prices of which, combined with admirable taste and high quality, defy competition and deserve attentive examination."



Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £50.

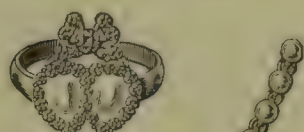


Fine Diamond Star, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £20.

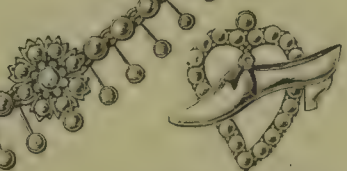


Fine Diamond Crescent and Bar Brooch, £10.

Goods forwarded to the
Country on approval.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.



Fine Pearl Heart and Enamel Slipper Brooch (suitable for Bridal Present), £3 15s.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £20.



Fine Diamond Three-Swallow Safety Brooch, £5.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Tiaras, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits. An inspection is respectfully invited.

CASH PRICES.

The Goldsmiths' Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.

Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN

Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

TESTIMONIALS.

The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers are a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY. Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

MEDALS.

Awarded Nine Gold Medals, the only Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour—the highest distinction conferred upon any firm in the world—for their excellence and originality.

CATALOGUE. containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post free to all parts of the world.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W. Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Some perfectly new model dresses have the bodice cut off in front, just below the waist, and the sides (beginning about the hips) sloped off into long tails, like those of a gentleman's dress-coat. This is newer and more becoming to stout figures than the quite long, straight-fronted coats, which are, perhaps, already getting a little common. The new style was applied in one evening dress that I saw—a model from Paris. The coat thus cut off was of emerald-green velvet, which opened from the shoulders to show a vest of Brussels lace over green silk; and at the waist, where the velvet coat was cut away, the lace was prettily draped to follow its outline, and revealed the green silk petticoat, embroidered in cut beads to match in colour, in a design like three trails of creepers. A lace flounce about eight inches deep finished the bottom of the skirt, which behind was prolonged into a gored demi-train.

I am informed at a fashionable dressmaker's that "there are six different ways of goring the new skirts." The most popular and successful methods, however, are two: what is known as "the umbrella skirt," a term which explains itself as implying gores all round; and a straight front and side-pieces, with gored back alone. Sleeves are still tolerably full, and the mantles are being made to accommodate that arrangement, so that we may conclude that it will last through the winter. At the same time, it is not absolutely necessary for style to have very large sleeves, and tailor dresses in particular are only raised and set a little full at the shoulder and sloped in to fit tightly below the elbow, generally finishing under a broad gauntlet cuff.

The Queen of Roumania is better, and her physicians now think that her illness has not been anything more dangerous than one of those obscure and yet common nervous disturbances that are summed up as "hysterical." Her nerves have been sorely tried. Mdle. Vacaresco was the Queen's dearest friend, and the efforts which her Majesty made to secure the happiness and future greatness of her beloved companion were both natural and noble. But as the elevation of a young lady not of royal birth to a throne is sure to arouse bitter and coarse opposition, the Queen found herself in a storm (that she had probably not foreseen) of controversy and scarcely veiled personal threat and insult, which has overthrown her sensitive nervous system and produced for a time a sort of paralysis.

Similar cases are not rare among women in a private station. The suffering of such "hysterical" attacks is as acute and real as though it arose from some veritable organic disease; but the physician stands comparatively helpless before it, because he knows little of the nervous system, and nothing of how to apply medicaments to it. Perhaps, hereafter, electricity will be found to serve the turn. Meantime, it may be worth while to recall that it was in "hysterical" cases that hypnotism was found to be of most use in the days when it was last fashionable. Women were by that means recovered who for long previously could not walk, and who had suffered pain so constant, so severe, and so real that they practically spent their lives between sleeping off one opiate and watching the clock for the hour at which they might venture to take another soothing draught. No medicine and no treatment has ever done for obscure nervous cases, especially in women, what there is abundant evidence that this equally obscure (and often misused) method of treatment did accomplish.

A provision of some domestic interest is found in the new

Post Office Bill. It is that any person opening a letter not addressed to him, after its delivery by the postman, becomes henceforth guilty of a legal offence, and may be fined as much as fifty pounds, or sent to prison for two years. Parents and guardians of minors are specially exempt from this legal penalty, and rightly so. But the question (in some households a vexed one) of the right of husbands and wives to open each other's letters is not directly referred to. Presumably, therefore, the letter of the law forbids such an action to either one of a married couple; but we are hardly likely to hear of a legal case arising out of this theoretical right. It is one of those little matters that must be left to the good sense and good feeling of individuals in domestic life.

A French journal recently collected the opinions of some eminent writers on the right of the husband to overlook, without invitation, his wife's correspondence—they did not discuss the reverse performance. A few of the gallant French authors actually upheld the husband's right to commit this breach of manners and minor morals on the ground that a wife ought not to have any secrets from her husband. But the most innocent and affectionate of wives may have occasionally a letter with a friend's secret in it; or one only containing that gay, harmless chatter that is intended as a personal confidence from one woman to another, and should not be scrutinised by any other eyes. But even if every letter received might be safely and properly published forthwith, it is still an outrage on the individuality proper and needful for human beings that one person should claim, as a right, to know all that another thinks and says and hears and does.

Perhaps there is no more fertile cause of married discontent and petty home squabbles and bitter feelings than this attempt (on either side) to destroy all individuality in married life—the claim to know all about where the spouse has been, what has there been said and done, and who has been met. It is obnoxious, even to an open temper, to feel continually a watch on the life and thoughts; while many perfectly good and commonplace people are not naturally open, but the reverse, and these are "rubbed the wrong way" terribly in temper by a demand for detailed accounts of all their actions and thoughts, notwithstanding that all is in reality perfectly correct and allowable. As much personal liberty as is compatible with the relationship is best in marriage, I am sure; and the husband or wife who insists on opening the other's letters will probably chance to lose by the practice something much more worth keeping than fifty pounds—love and mutual respect and the candid, free-will confidence that is so much more real and reliable and pleasant than the forced familiarity of some homes.

The large settlement of wealthy Americans in England is about to be increased by the residence here of Mr. and Mrs. Astor, the New York millionaires. Mrs. Astor's receptions have long been famous for lavish splendour. Flowers are profusely employed in decorating her rooms. On a recent occasion the drawing-rooms were decorated with delicately-tinted orchids, the hall was lined with chains of red carnations and yellow azaleas, and the art gallery was filled with red roses—the scheme of well-toned white, red, and yellow being carefully preserved throughout. In the gallery a great wheelbarrow of gilded basket-work was filled with "favours" of red roses for the guests to take away. This pretty custom is common in America. At luncheon and dinner parties there "favours" are almost always provided for the guests to carry away as relics of the occasion. Here I know but of one hostess who follows the charming custom. The popular authoress of "Coming thro'

the Rye," Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves), has her suite of three rooms in Grosvenor Street panelled halfway up with dark oak, and the ledge at the top of this dado is thickly covered for her parties with a profusion of exquisite roses. As the guests say farewell, the hostess is wont graciously to gather up handfuls of the flowers and give them to her friends as a souvenir.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has appointed Mr. G. E. Briscoe Eyre, her Majesty's Printer, to be the printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. This annual appointment was held for many years by members of the Hansard family.

The Chief Rabbi has prepared a special prayer for the Jews in Russia, to be offered up in all the synagogues in England on the ensuing Day of Atonement, Monday, Oct. 12. An appeal will also be issued by the Russo-Jewish Committee for contributions to a relief fund. Messrs. Rothschild will head the list with the sum of £10,000.

Messrs. Methuen will publish early in October a small book entitled "The Imitation of Buddha," by Mr. Ernest M. Bowden, to which Sir Edwin Arnold has contributed a preface. It is a collection of beautiful religious sentiments and maxims from Buddhist literature, the quotations arranged for each day in the year. Mr. Bowden read a paper on this subject at the late International Congress of Orientalists in London.

Messrs. Novello and Co. will issue immediately a selection of music suitable for choral societies who desire to commemorate the centenary festival of Mozart by a performance of some of his most attractive vocal music. They promise also a Mozart Centenary number of the *Musical Times*, with many illustrations. A Mozart Centenary musical performance was given on Saturday, Oct. 3, at the German Exhibition. This centenary, however, is not that of Mozart's birth, which was in 1756, but that of the production of "Die Zauberflöte," in 1791, at Vienna; and Mozart died on Dec. 5 in the same year.

A volume which can lie about on any table, and is yet a French *chef-d'œuvre*, deserves welcome. It is Pierre Loti's "Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort," which is a collection of short studies and *contes* as good as were ever published in the French language. Like all the new Academician's works, much of it is autobiographical in form and expression. It is published by Calmann Lévy. An illustrated edition will be ready by the new year. Among the new Parisian publishing announcements, a novel, "L'Héritière" is promised by Henri Gréville; "Monsieur Fred" will continue "Gyp's" quaint parodies with "L'Enfant Fin de Siècle," and Alphonse Karr's posthumous volume, "Le Siècle des Microbes," will be out by the beginning of next month.

Mr. Lowell's valentine to Mrs. Procter, "I know a girl, they say she's eighty," has lately been recalled to notice. It was not the first tribute of the kind which that most brilliant of "girls" had received. When she was ten years younger, Charles Dickens (who was as dear a friend as Lowell came to be) sent her the following lines—a mere note in the course of their familiar correspondence—which have never been printed. The original manuscript has perished, and it would be a pity if anything so characteristic of both correspondents should be lost altogether—

There is wisdom in all that you say, do, or write;

In talk, or in act, or on page.

And I always proclaim you, with main and with might,

The wonderful child—of your age!

Thursday, Thirty-first March, 1870.

HAMPTON & SONS,

PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

DECORATIONS & FURNITURE.

PICTURESQUE WOODWORK FITMENTS for

HALLS, RECEPTION-ROOMS, BED-ROOMS, &c.

ARTISTIC TREATMENT AT LOW COST.

High-Class Inexpensive

DECORATIVE FABRICS

For Hangings and Coverings.

CARPETS, RUGS,
MATTINGS.

ART OBJECTS,
ORNAMENTS.

HAMPTON & SONS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S.

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C. Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton; Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

ACHES, SPRAINS, AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDINER, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes—

"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

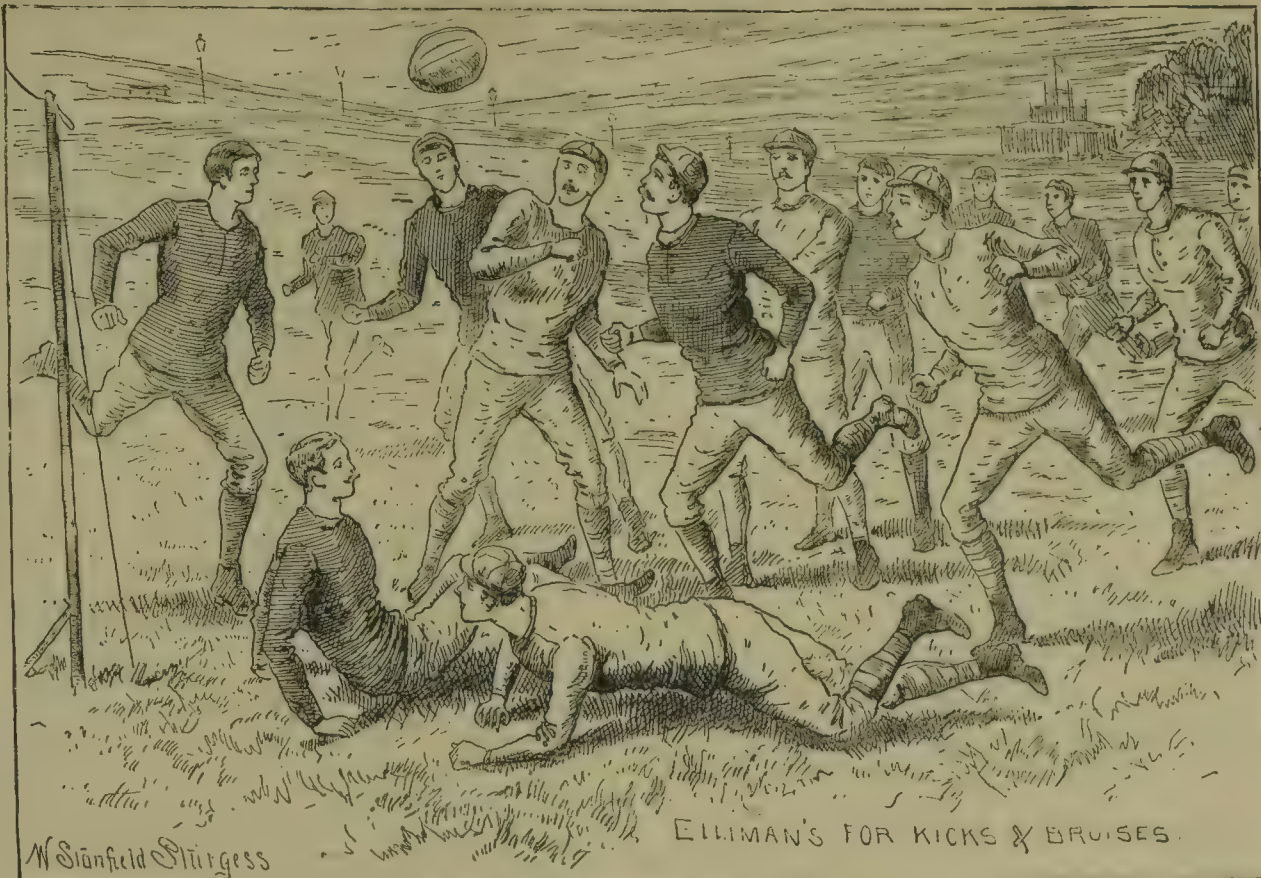
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



W. Sturges

ELLIMAN'S FOR KICKS & BRUISES.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

One Shilling and Three-Halfpence.

Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ELLIMAN'S.



GOING MUSTERING
OVERSEER, "DON'T FORGET TO PUT
ELLIMAN IN THE PACK-BAGS JIM!"

W. Sturges

"WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

Messrs. Elliman, of Slough, give this title to a unique little publication brought out for the purpose of advertising, but made generally attractive by its really exceptionally good illustrations. Mr. John Sturges has drawn a number of striking pictures of hunting, coaching, polo, &c., and Mr. Sturges, jun., has supplied episodes of athletics, &c., the whole covering a wide range of sport. The illustrations (19 of them) in a larger size are to be obtained separately from the former. They have the advantage that in this form their present commercial associations disappear, and they stand out as really capital pictures upon their own merits. "WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?" would be sent free for Twopence in stamps; and the 19 Sporting Prints for P.O. 2s. 6d., or stamps 2s. 6d.

Address—

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S

For SPRAINS and CURBS, SPLINTS when forming, SPRUNG SINEWS, CAPPED HOCKS, OVER-REACHES, BRUISES and CUTS, BROKEN KNEES, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE THROATS, SORE BACKS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS, &c.

"I think it very useful."

RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds.

"Indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."

HADDINGTON,

Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

ROYAL

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied."

T. WALTON KNOLLES,

Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

"If used frequently no blistering required."

W. N. C. MARSHALL,

Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EMBROCATION,

Prepared only by

ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

FOR
HORSES,
CATTLE,
AND
DOGS.

Schneit a O., Germany.

"June 14, 1891.

"I beg to inform you that the Royal Embrocation has been very efficacious by using it for the horses of my regiment, and I beg you to send again twenty-five bottles.

"Lient-Colonel V. BLUMENTHAL,
"2nd Dragoon Regiment."

Tandem Stables, Evanston, U.S.A.

"April 6, 1890.

"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it. "R. J. STEPHENSON."

Mr. Cyril Jephson, New Zealand, writes—

"As secretary of the County Hunt Club of Ashburton, Canterbury, New Zealand, I send you this testimonial. Your Embrocation has proved better than any I have ever used—in fact, no stable is complete without it for wounds, strains, and bruises."

Mr. H. Nurse, Blackwater, near Riverton, Southland, New Zealand, writes—

"I can testify to the efficacy of your Embrocation, having used it on our stock for many years."

Mr. Thomas Lynett, Elderslie Street, Winton, Queensland, writes—

"May 27, 1889.

"We use in the racing stables, and I sell in my store, a quantity of your Embrocation."

Mr. W. F. Rorke, Groot Vlakke, District Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes—

"May 13, 1889.

"I find your Embrocation most useful for rheumatism in horses."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION. "AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH.

The Right Hon. Isaac Newton Wallop, Earl of Portsmouth, Viscount Lymington and Baron Wallop of Farley Wallop, in the county of Southampton, died at his seat, Eggesford House, in the county of Devon, on Oct. 4. He was born Jan. 11, 1825, the eldest son of Newton, fourth Earl of Portsmouth, by Catherine, his second wife, daughter of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue. Having been educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he succeeded his father as fifth earl in 1854, and married, in 1855, Lady Eveline Herbert, sister of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon. His eldest son, Newton, now Earl of Portsmouth, born in 1856, has been M.P. for Barnstaple, 1880 to 1885, and for North Devon since 1885.

LORD CHEYLESMORE.

The Right Hon. Henry William Eaton, Baron Cheylesmore of Cheylesmore, in the county of Warwick, died suddenly at Warsaw, in Poland, on Oct. 2. He was born March 13, 1816, educated at the Collège Rollin, Paris, and sat as M.P. for Coventry in the Conservative interest from 1865 to 1880, and again from 1881 to 1887, when he was created a Peer. In 1839 he married Charlotte Gorham, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Leader Harman, of New Orleans, and leaves, with other issue, William Meriton, who was born in 1843. The late Lord Cheylesmore was for many years a leading member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and was Junior Grand Master of the Freemasons of England.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT PERCY DOUGLAS, BART.

General Sir Robert Percy Douglas, Bart., of Carr, died at his residence, Hurst, Bournemouth, on Sept. 30. He was born Aug. 29, 1805, the eldest surviving son of General Sir Howard Douglas, third baronet, G.C.B., M.P., by Anne, his wife, the eldest daughter of Mr. James Dundas (a scion of the great northern house of Dundas of Dundas). Having entered the Army in 1820, he became colonel in 1854, and general in 1874.

He was formerly Assistant Adjutant-General, Governor of Jersey, Colonel of the 98th Foot, and, subsequently, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Robert married, first, in 1840, Ann, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Duckworth, and by her (who died in 1855) leaves an only son, Arthur Percy (born in 1845, lieutenant Royal Navy), now fourth baronet. In 1856 he married, secondly, Louisa, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Lang, of Moor Park, in the county of Surrey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The lull in European politics continues; the dark clouds have blown away, and there is every reason to hope that for some months the Continent will be free from those scares and rumours of war which periodically create considerable excitement in the great capitals of Europe. Winter, which is fast approaching, is generally a season of comparative calm; while spring, on the contrary, is the time when alarming rumours are current, owing to the prevalent impression that war never breaks out except in the finest months in the year. Until spring, therefore, Europe can breathe freely.

To the numerous pacific speeches of the last few days must be added that of the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Herr von Bötticher, who at Remscheid, on Sept. 29, expressed the decided opinion that, apart from unforeseen circumstances, peace had never been so surely guaranteed as at present.

The return of the Emperor of Austria from Prague to Vienna excited the more popular interest on account of the dastardly attempt to blow up the railway train. The Vienna town council decided that the Emperor should be received with solemnity on his return to the capital, and the inhabitants improvised decorations and illuminations, the effect of which was most striking and effective. When the Emperor arrived on Friday night, Oct. 2, at half past eleven, he was greeted with enthusiasm such as had not been displayed by the Viennese since the celebration of the silver wedding of the imperial couple. It should be added that this popular demonstration had a political significance. The Emperor's journey to Bohemia was undertaken to bring about a reconciliation between the Czechs and the Germans, and the Emperor gave the Czech separatists clearly to understand that there was a limit beyond which they would not be allowed to go, and the population of Vienna, which is essentially German, took this opportunity of signifying its approval of the Emperor's firm attitude.

At the same time, the Emperor has failed to achieve his purpose in reconciling the German and Czech elements in Bohemia, the young Czechs especially indulging at present in the most bitter invectives against the Germans.

The Austrian Reichsrath meets on Oct. 10, and the Delegations are to assemble in Vienna on Nov. 7. During the sittings of the Delegations it is expected that animated debates will take place on the Dardanelles question, the situation in the East generally, and the additional grants demanded for the Army.

The journey of a large number of French pilgrims to Rome gave rise to a regrettable incident which, but for the good sense displayed by the Italian and French papers alike, might have become awkward, and perhaps created considerable tension between the two countries. Some of the pilgrims, it appears,

while visiting the Pantheon, were guilty of want of respect for the memory of Victor Emmanuel. What their offence was is not quite clear. According to one version they spat upon the register of visitors; according to another, they shouted "*Vive le Pape-Roi!*" and a third version is that they cried "*A bas Victor Emmanuel!*" As this became known, a number of young men assembled and paraded the streets, hooting the French pilgrims and uttering groans as they passed before the French Embassy. Three of the pilgrims—two Frenchmen and a Swiss—were arrested and were to be tried according to law; but have been released. A Cabinet Council was held in Paris, at which it was decided to urge the French prelates to put an end to the pilgrimages to Rome, and, as the French Ambassador in Rome made no representation on the subject, the matter will soon be allowed to drop into oblivion.

There is some probability of a resumption of negotiations between Spain and this country for the renewal of the reciprocity treaty for the regulation of commercial intercourse. Sir Clare Ford, who has just returned to Madrid, entertains hopes of a satisfactory arrangement, mutually advantageous to both parties.

The Czar and Czarina and the royal family of Greece, who had gone to Moscow and to St. Petersburg for the funeral of the Grand Duchess Paul, have returned to Copenhagen, where the celebration of the silver wedding of their Russian Majesties takes place on Oct. 9. On his return to Russia, towards the end of the month, it is possible that the Czar may pay a visit to Emperor William at Berlin, but it would be premature to affirm that the two Emperors will meet. Yet, as the Czar will not be able to return to his capital by sea, and the land route lies through Berlin, it is difficult to see how he could cross Germany without visiting the Emperor, as such a course would be quite unprecedented, and would certainly give offence in Berlin Court circles.

In connection with the Pamir affair, a curious rumour, which, however, lacks confirmation, was current in Simla a few days ago to the effect that the Ameer of Afghanistan does not look upon the Khanate of Wakhan as forming part of his possessions, and does not object to the presence of the Russians in the Pamir country. This is so entirely at variance with all that is known of the claims of the Afghan ruler to the region of the Upper Oxus, that the report must be accepted with the utmost reserve.

In East Africa the German efforts at colonisation have so far proved rather unsuccessful; there is constant friction between the natives and the officials, whose overbearing demeanour leads to ever-recurring troubles. The massacre of an exploring party commanded by Lieutenant von Zelenski in Uhehe has caused the abandonment of the expedition to Lake Victoria, and Major von Wissmann is going to the Nile Valley for the purpose, it is said, of engaging a number of Soudanese to fill the gaps in the German colonial army. The question is whether the Major will be able to obtain the 300 Soudanese he requires. Baron von Soden, the Governor of German East Africa, is coming to Europe, and during his absence Captain Rüdiger, the commander of the cruiser Schwalbe, will act as Governor.

The exhibition of the Holy Coat at Trèves and the celebrations in connection therewith were brought to a close on Saturday, Oct. 3. It has been computed that the number of pilgrims who visited Trèves amounted to 1,900,000.

"MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL

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TWO.

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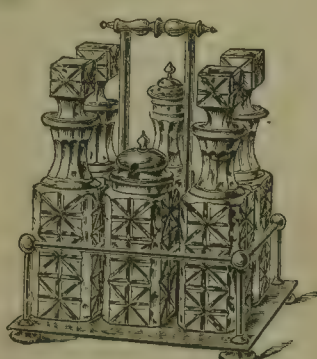
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1888) of Dame Martha Eliza Crossley, late of Flixton House, near Lowestoft, Suffolk, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 24 by Miss Sarah Jane Crossley, the niece, and Frank Broome, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her pictures, plate, books, diamonds, and other jewellery to her son, Sir Savile Brinton Crossley, Bart., M.P.; £1000 each to her niece Sarah Crossley and her friend Arthur Lionel Smith; £500 to her nephew Harry Brinton; an annuity of £100 to her cousin Emma Hardy; £100 each to her friend Jane Cubitt and the Rev. Joseph Muncaster; and a conditional legacy to her maid. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one moiety to her sister Emily Jane Baird; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her sister Sarah Elizabeth Broome, for life, and then for her niece Edith Grace Broome, the wife of the said Frank Broome.

The will (dated July 14, 1891) of Mr. James Shepherd, late of 19, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died on July 25, was proved on Sept. 7 by Mrs. Mary Alexa Shepherd, the widow, and James Shepherd and Edward Percy Shepherd, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £260,000. The testator gives all his plate, pictures, books, articles of personal, domestic, and household use and ornament, consumable stores, horses and carriages, and £1000 to his wife; the use of his said residence, with his stables, to her during widowhood; £20,000 in satisfaction of his covenant in the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Harriett Emmeline Ford; £1000 to the fund for decayed members of the London Stock Exchange; and £1000 to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Bedale, Yorkshire, upon trust, for investment for the benefit of the poor of that parish. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £3000 per annum to his wife, to be reduced by £500 on the marriage of each of his daughters, Frances Mary and

Blanche Isabel, and to an annuity of £500 in the event of her marrying again. Subject thereto, he leaves £30,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Frances Mary and Blanche Isabel; and the ultimate residue to his two sons, James and Edward Percy.

The will (dated April 26, 1866), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1, 1883), of Mr. Louis John Crossley, J.P., late of Moor-side, in Skircoat, Halifax, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturer, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Hannah Rawson Crossley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £80,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to the use of his wife.

The will (dated June 28, 1880), with two codicils (dated Dec. 10, 1889, and Aug. 1, 1891), of Mr. Roger Carter, late of 8, Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Sarah Carter, the widow, Samuel Thompson, Arthur Roger Carter, the son, and Herbert Joseph Rolls, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator bequeaths pecuniary legacies, amounting together to £5200, and all his household furniture and effects to his wife; £500 Great Eastern Railway Stock and £4500 to his said son; £500 Great Eastern Railway Stock and £4500 to his daughter, Mrs. Grace Phillipa Rolls; and there are some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £1000 Great Western Railway Stock for the children of his said daughter; and as to the ultimate residue, upon various trusts, for his said son and daughter.

The will (dated April 25, 1888) of Mr. John Holland, late of Roycroft, Harold Road, Upper Norwood, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Sept. 24 by Edward Frederick Squire and John Harrison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife, Mrs. Jane Holland, and £5000, upon trust, for her, for life; £2500, upon trust, for his daughter Grace Agnes Holland, for

life, and then for his eight grandchildren, the children of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Squire; £500, upon trust, to provide bread and coals at Christmas in each year for the deserving poor of the parish of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire; and £100 to each of his trustees. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, in equal shares, between his children, Neville Holland, Horace Holland, Mary Elizabeth Squire, Frances Albinia Harrison, Amelia Holland, and Emily Holland.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1889), with two codicils (dated Oct. 2, 1889, and May 12, 1890), of Mr. William Clinch, late of The Elms, Witney, Oxfordshire, brewer, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Sept. 26 by Thomas William Foresheaw and Bellingham Arthur Somerville, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the furniture, effects, wines, consumable stores, carriages and horses at his residence, to his wife, Mrs. Rachel Hall Clinch. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; then, as to one moiety for his daughter Rachel Bradshaw Foresheaw, and as to the other moiety for his daughter Margaret Hall Somerville.

The will (dated June 26, 1879) of the Rev. Shadwell Morley Barkworth, D.D., late of Larchwood, Ferndale, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 2, was proved on Sept. 19 by Harold Barkworth and Henry Barkworth, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his furniture and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Barkworth; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then as to four fifths for his daughters Emma Louisa, Edith Marion, Constance Helena, and Adela Catherine in equal shares; and as to one fifth for his son Walter Theodore.

The will (dated June 15, 1881), with a codicil (dated

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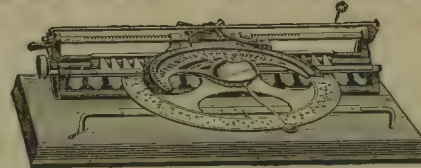
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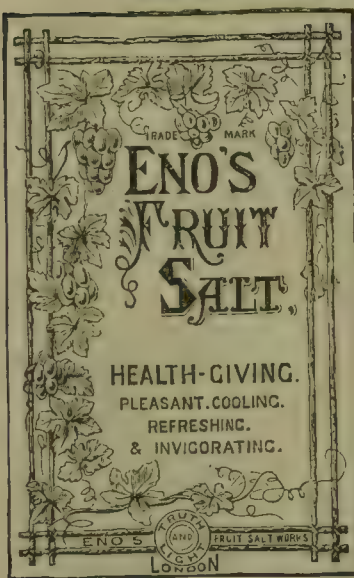
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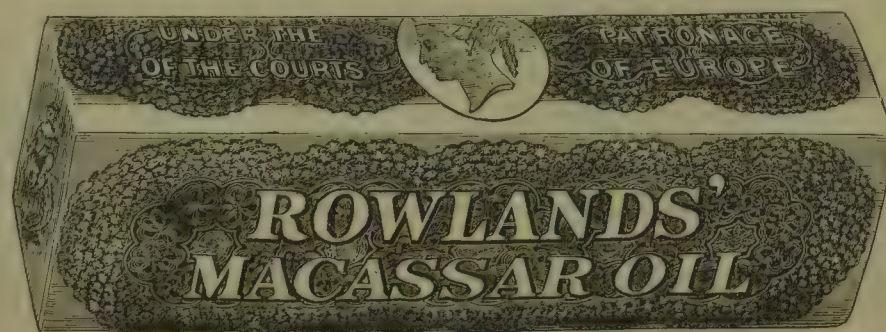
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In the *Lancet*, London, Sept. 26, 1891, C. Ad. is said: "On account of their pleasant balsamic taste even children like them. Old people, and those who have weak stomachs, digest them with extraordinary ease. Also in catarrh of the bladder and intestines Bertelli's Catramin Pills form a precious remedy which we warmly recommend to all doctors."

In the *Hospital Gazette*, London, Oct. 3, 1891, is said: "It is in diseases of the respiratory organs that these pills give the best results; and, indeed, in colds, laryngitis, sore throats, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, asthma, influenza, and even in phthisis and tuberculosis, their merit is incontestable. We beg to draw attention to the fact that not the least merit of these pills consists in their being a powerful help to the digestion, even for the weakest stomachs. There is no need to comment on this fact; every medical man will recognise its importance. . . . On account of its antiseptic power, Catramin Oil kills Koch's Bacillus. Many doctors prescribe these pills as a preventative against malaria, influenza, and infectious fevers."

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Dec. 3, 1886), of Mrs. Elizabeth Cafferata, late of 16, Glazbury Road, West Kensington, who died on Sept. 6 at Liverpool, was proved on Sept. 24 by Redmond Parker Cafferata and Albert Stourton Cafferata, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The only legatees are testatrix's children.

The will of Admiral Sir George St. Vincent Duckworth-King, Bart, K.C.B., late of 1, Halkin Street West, Belgrave Square, and of Wear House, near Exeter, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Sept. 25 by Sir Dudley Gordon Alan Duckworth-King, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8319.

The first International Folklore Congress held in England, and the second which has ever taken place, was opened on Thursday, Oct. 1, at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House. Its president was Mr. Andrew Lang, who also presided over the first congress, held in Paris in 1889. Among those present were Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, Professor Rhys, Mr. Edward Clodd, and most of the members of the English Folklore Society, and some well-known foreign folklorists, M. Cosquin, M. Ploix, M. Cordier, Professor Monseur, Mr. W. W. Newell, and Mr. C. G. Leland. An International Folklore Council was appointed to regulate all future congresses. Mr. Andrew Lang's address was a graceful, scholarly, thoughtful, and sometimes playful discourse on folklore in general, in all ages and countries.

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Among the papers contributed to this Congress we may specially mention "The Problem of Diffusion," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs; "The Problems of Heroic Legend in the Light of Recent Research upon Celtic and Teutonic Saga," by Mr. Alfred Nutt; "The Origins of Mythology," by Mr. J. Stuart-Glennie; "A Comparative Study of Indo-European Customs, with Special Reference to Marriage Customs," by Dr. M. Winternitz; and "The Testimony of Folklore to the European or Asiatic Origin of the Aryans," by Mr. F. B. Jevons.

The council of King's College, London, have appointed the Rev. A. Caldecott, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Professorship of Logic and Mental Philosophy; and Señor Ruado Ramirez to be Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature.

The trial of Mr. O'Brien for libelling Prince George of Wales was concluded at Montreal on Oct. 1, the jury giving a verdict of guilty. The judge, Mr. Cross, then asked the counsel on both sides to agree upon the punishment of the criminal. The prosecuting counsel refused to suggest a punishment, and the counsel for the defence asked for a suspension of sentence. The judge severely reprimanded O'Brien and said that because of his family he would suspend sentence.

Mr. Percy Notcutt's grand morning concert at St. James's Hall, announced for Oct. 26, promises a strong combination of talent in vocal and instrumental music. Among the performers will be Miss Macintyre, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Barton McGuckin; the solo pianoforte is Master Max Hambourg, and Master Jean

Gerardy is the solo violoncellist. The conductors are Mr. Wilhelm Ganz and Mr. O. Notcutt. Mr. Clifford Harrison gives a recitation to music.

It is rumoured that the Duke of Connaught will next spring relinquish the command of the Portsmouth District in order to succeed Sir Frederick Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India; but this rumour is as yet premature.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is announced to deliver a series of public addresses on "The Great Modern Poets, Artists, and Musicians," on Sunday evenings during October, at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, at seven o'clock.

At Cambridge University, on Oct. 1, Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, resigned the office of Vice-Chancellor, which he had held for three years, and was succeeded by Dr. Peile, Master of Christ's College.

An attempt—happily abortive—was made to blow up a railway bridge at Rosenthal, near Reichenberg, over which the Emperor of Austria, on his way from Prague, was to pass on Wednesday night, Sept. 30. A small bomb, placed under one of the arches of the bridge, exploded with a loud report, and police investigation revealed the presence of a second bomb. Both shells appear to have been hurriedly and clumsily placed; and no care was taken to make them explode at the precise moment when the imperial train passed over the bridge. In fact, the explosion occurred several hours before his Majesty's arrival.

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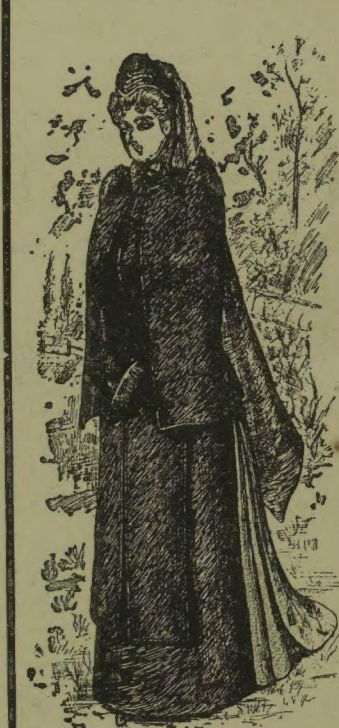
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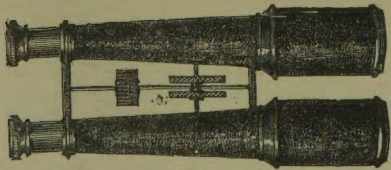


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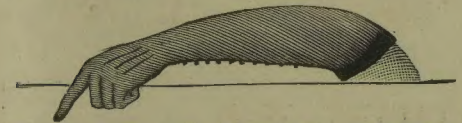
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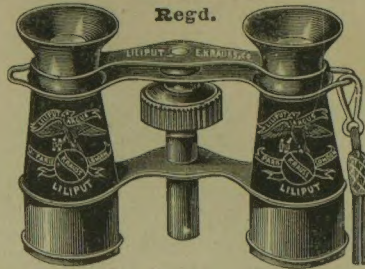
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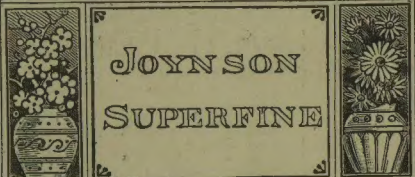
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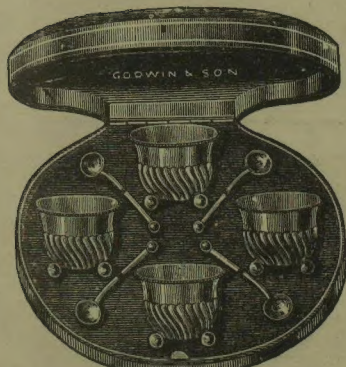
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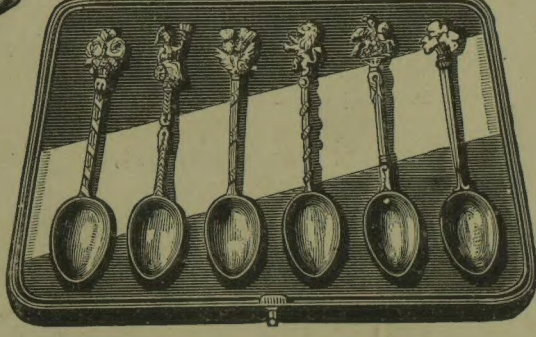
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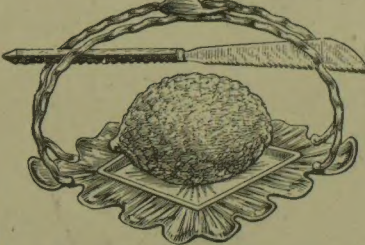
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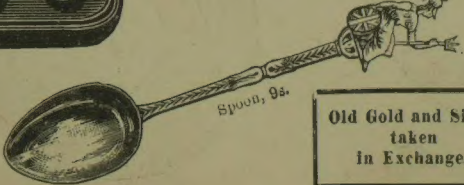
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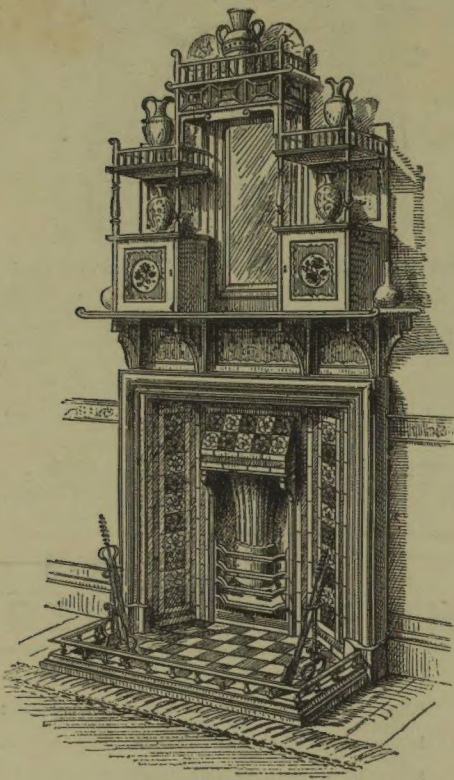
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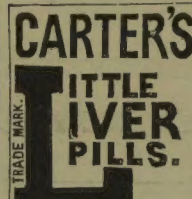
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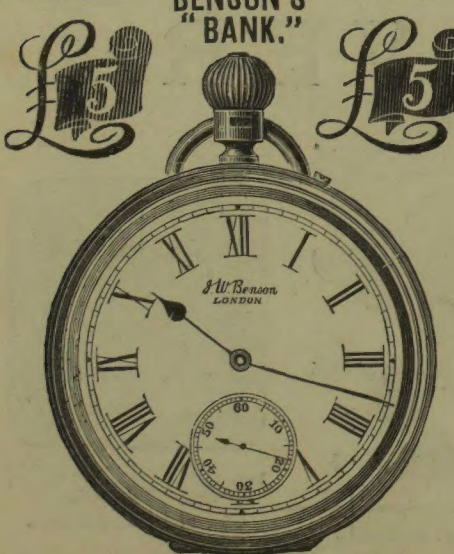


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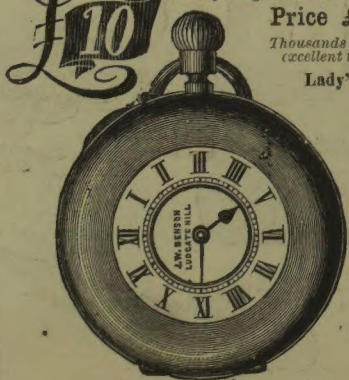
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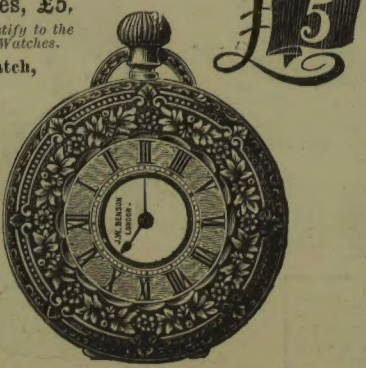
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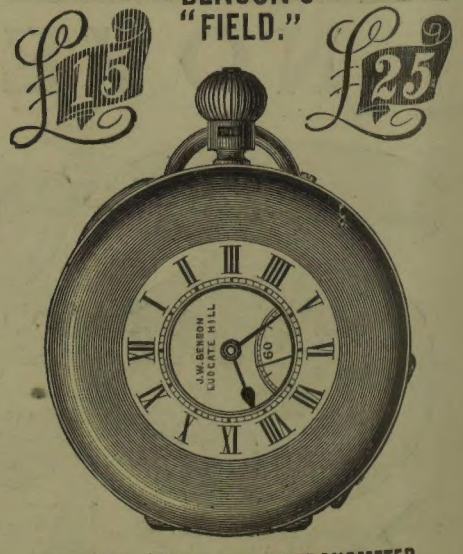


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